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JOHN HEYWOOD,

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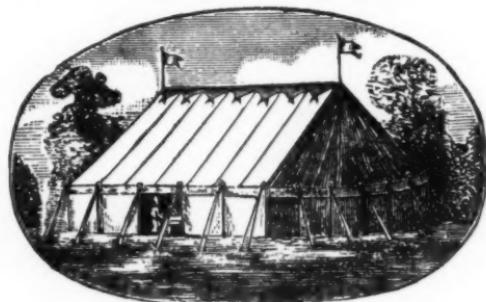
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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



A NIGHT WITH GOLDSMITH.

OF all that brilliant group of wits—beaux, players, artists, men of letters, and men and women of the world—who formed the *entourage* of Dr. Johnson, that throng of gifted people whose thoughts, actions, and achievements created one of the greatest epochs of English literary history, there are many whom we of these later days hold in high honour and admiration, but only one whom we unreservedly love. Side by side with Charles Lamb, Oliver Goldsmith will be enthroned for ever in the hearts of those who can understand and appreciate all that is most human and tender and true in our literature and our lives. His appeal, made in the most perfect style the “well of English undefiled” can form, is always primarily and most powerfully to our sympathies. His own warmth of heart and genial goodness of nature pour themselves upon his pages, and embellish and ennable the thoughts which the active, refined, and wonderfully well-stored mind suggests. And deep and strong within him, pervading in truth his whole being, are the two divine gifts of humour and imagination, ever illumining and transforming his conceptions until they glow with the god-like glory of genius. Goldsmith’s legacy to the centuries consists of essays, poems, comedies, and

tales, which are familiar not only to the country of his birth, but to the world. "The Vicar of Wakefield" has been translated into more than twenty different languages, and the exquisite humour of Goldsmith's comedies remains among the choicest and most cherished of his possessions wherever the Englishman may rove. It was therefore not only with a sense of the fitness of the proceeding, but with warm enthusiasm, that the members of the Manchester Literary Club celebrated the birthday of Oliver Goldsmith by devoting an evening to him and his works. The poet was born on the 10th November, 1728, and the celebration took place on Monday, the 9th. Among the more permanent results of a most memorable evening were the following papers. As they are sufficiently indicative of the work which the Literary Club is doing for literature in Manchester, and as more than one of them possesses value as a contribution to the study of one of our great classic writers, it has been thought that they would be acceptable and of interest to the public, and are now presented accordingly.





OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY WILLIAM STERLING.

THE author with whose works it is proposed to deal in this article is one of the most popular and most beloved of all English standard writers.

He is often looked upon and spoken of as though he had been an idle, worthless character. We cannot adopt this adverse view, although we admit there was much in his early youth that affords some ground to the inconsiderate for the unfavourable opinion. We think that the youth's early training, and still more his faulty natural proclivities, uncorrected as they were, had much to do with his early failures. The Irish element in his mental composition was not balanced or improved by the dash of Spanish blood which he derived from some of his ancestors. An admixture of Spanish and Irish blood may express itself in romantic wanderings, in music and in poetry, but it is not favourable to what is dull, prosaic, hum-drum, and persevering, and we take it as certain that until Oliver Goldsmith passed through the miseries and misfortunes of the school of experience, with all the bitternesses thereof, nothing could be expected of him but just that which we find in his early history. He seems to have inherited many of the faults of both Irish and Spanish temperaments along with

the gifts of both, including the poetic gift, the faculty of music, a taste for romance, and a love of letters. We submit this consideration as an apology for many of the failures of the poet's early life. It is nothing to the purpose to answer that his brother and his father, and, we think, other relations, were steady-going, respectable, and estimable clergymen. In them the elements were more happily mixed. It is undoubtedly true that heredity is largely responsible for gifts and faults of human character.

We cannot agree with those biographers who describe Goldsmith as an indolent man. We do not deny that his literary industry was not continuously sustained. But the man who actually wrote all the works bearing his name, and very much which was published anonymously besides, can not be charged with idleness. Nor is it every talented youth who would undertake a Continental Tour a-foot, taking his chance to earn, somehow, food and lodgings. By Goldsmith this was accomplished, and his musical faculty, his story telling, and his genial come-a-day go-a-day disposition, thus earned for him many a supper and homely bed. But even in this wandering life, described by some as idiocy, there was much advantage in the development of the imagination. There was certainly an object and a method in his madness, if madness it were. We will now rapidly and briefly run through some of the main historical and literary events of his life. Let them be considered in the light of what has already been advanced.

After the persistent efforts of his people and friends to make him a parson, a doctor, and a lawyer, he was actually arrested with many others (though he held innocently) for enlisting in the French service. This seemed to make him pull himself together.

In London, about 1757, Goldsmith wrote for the

critical magazine of the time. He wrote upon such various subjects as: "The Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celts," "The Rival Politician," "Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," "Voltaire's Universal History," "The Merits of the English Poets," "Biography and Criticism," "The State of Polite Learning in Europe," "The Clubs of London," proposal for "Augmenting the Forces of Great Britain," "The History of Mecklenburg from the First Settlement of the Vandals to the Present Time," "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan," in two vols. He also contributed to "The Ladies' Magazine," "Christian Magazine," "A Translation of the Life of Christ and of some of the Early Fathers," an oratorio, "The Captivity in Babylon," "Concise History of Philosophy and Philosophers," "The Beauties of English Poesy," "A History of Rome," "A History of Greece," "A History of England," "History of the Earth and Animated Nature."

By this time Goldsmith had made his mark in the literary world, and in 1769 he was appointed Professor of History to the Royal Academy.

To this list must be added the better known, and, therefore, more popular works of our author.

"The Traveller" is a description of many Continental countries as they presented themselves to his observation. The Italians contrasted with the Swiss, and France contrasted with Holland are fine passages.

The "Deserted Village" contains descriptions of Auburn, the Ale House, the School Master, and the immortal Village Parson. There are a good many trifles among the miscellaneous poems which do not add much to the fame of the poet, but "Retaliation" is a good example of shrewd, severe, yet genial satire. A group of very distinguished literary friends, including Burke, Sheridan, and Dean, met frequently to dine at their usual

resort in London, and on one occasion they each wrote an epitaph on Goldsmith, satirising his manners, blunders, country, and the like. One contained the couplet:—

Here lies poor old Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and spoke like a Poll.

He was invited to take his turn next meeting, and gave
“Retaliation.”

His “Citizen of the World” is a mine of wit, fun, and humour. It consists of a large number of letters supposed to be written by a young Chinese philosopher to friends at home and abroad. Each letter is a brief essay on some familiar subject and is an example of excellent and careful writing.

Goldsmith, having made a reputation as an historical, philosophical, and poetical writer, tried his hand also at dramatic writing, the “Good-natured Man” being his first comedy. It brought £500, but was less successful than his second “She Stoops to Conquer,” of which Dr. Johnson said that “he knew of no comedy for many years that had answered so much the chief end of comedy—making an audience merry.” “She Stoops to Conquer” brought £800.

The plot turns upon a farcical incident—two parties mistaking a gentleman’s house for an inn. Such an adventure is said to have occurred to Goldsmith himself, in early life. He was returning to school in Ireland, after the holidays, upon a borrowed pony. He, with his usual bad management, was overtaken by night, and having a guinea in his pocket, felt in a very swaggering mood, and enquired from a passer which was the best house of entertainment in the neighbourhood. The passer, being an Irish wag, directed him to the house of the greatest squire, and he, perceiving the mistake, carried on the joke. It is said that Goldsmith, in the language of this period, made them

all "sit up," but only found out his blunder next morning when he drew from his purse his solitary guinea to pay the score.

In these two comedies, Goldsmith shows that pleasure, fun, and merriment can be obtained without descending to coarse vulgarity or doubtful and double expressions.

Fiction is the remaining department in literature we have to glance at. The immortal "Vicar of Wakefield" furnishes Goldsmith's idea of what a novel ought to be. Who can ever forget the humour and benevolence of our dear old Dr. Primrose, his wife's cowslip wine, his son's simplicity and his box of green spectacles, or his daughter's betrayal and her sorrows? While English literature continues to attract readers, men and women will always study and linger lovingly upon the scenes which are described and the characters sketched so truthfully in this work, which is certainly one of the best novels in the language.

Hazlitt says—"Goldsmith, both in his verse and prose, was one of the most delightful writers in the language. His verse flows like a limpid stream; his ease is quite unconscious. Everything in him is spontaneous, unstudied, unaffected, yet elegant, harmonious, graceful. Without the refinement of Pope, he has more natural tenderness, greater suavity of manner, and a more genial spirit. He seldom rises into sublimity and seldom sinks into insipidity or stumbles upon coarseness."

The following lines are introduced, not because of any intrinsic merit, but simply as showing contemporary feeling towards Goldsmith :—

Here rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
A poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
Who, though formed in an age when corruption ran high,
And folly alone seemed with folly to vie;
When genius, with traffic too commonly trained,
Recounted her merits by what she had gained;

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Yet spurned at those walks of debasement and pelf,
 And in poverty's spite dared to think for himself.
 Thus freed from those fetters the muses oft bind,
 He wrote from the heart to the heart of mankind :
 And such was the prevalent force of his song,
 Sex, ages, and parties he drew in a throng.
 The lovers—'twas theirs to esteem and commend,
 For his "Hermit" had proved him their tutor and friend.
 The statesman, his politic passions on fire,
 Acknowledged repose from the charms of his lyre.
 The moralist, too, had a zeal for his rhymes,
 For his essays were curbs on the rage of the times.
 Nay, the critic all schooled in grammatical sense,
 Who looked in the glows of description for sense,
 Reformed as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
 And confessed by his eyes what he felt in his heart.
 So simple in truth, so ingeniously kind
 So ready to feel for the wants of mankind ;
 His style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
 And the whole the result of a masterly hand.

His burial at Westminster was partially decided upon, but was not carried out. There is, however, a marble monument to his memory, upon which is a Latin inscription by Dr. Johnson. The following translation is given by Nimmo, but it does not give the accepted date of his birth or death :

TRANSLATION.

This monument is raised to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith, poet, natural philosopher, and historian, who left no species of writing untouched, or unadorned by his pen, whether to move to laughter, or draw tears. He was a powerful master over the affections, though at the same time a gentle tyrant. Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and equal to every subject. In expression at once noble, pure, and delicate.

His memory will last as long as society retains affection, friendship is not void of honour, and reading wants not her admirers.

He was born in the kingdom of Ireland at Furness in the province of Leinster.

Where Pallas had set her name.

29th November, 1731.

He was educated at Dublin and died in London 4th April, 1774.



GOLDSMITH AS POET.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

THE Poems of Goldsmith occupy but a small space in the total sum of his writings. His longest poems are comparatively brief and his shorter pieces are, for the most part, trivial and unimportant. Some poets, unquestionably, owe their popularity, in a degree, to the assiduity with which they have plied their vocation. Fame, which might otherwise have been denied them, has been yielded to the opportunity of iteration. With Goldsmith it is not so. Whatever favour may have been awarded to him clearly rests upon the quality rather than the quantity of his verse.

That Goldsmith is an English classic no one will dispute. Everybody admires his work as everybody loves the memory of the man. Still, we imagine that like most classics he is neglected—a slight acquaintance and a feeling of vague, if unstinted, admiration being allowed to condone for the absence of accurate knowledge and real appreciation.

Almost from the date of Goldsmith's death the drift of criticism in England and the character of our poetic taste have been setting in a direction adverse to the style of the eighteenth century. To-day we are surrounded by many contending schools of poetry, each of which has its circle

of heated adherents. We think we have fallen upon better things; that our verse is truer, more natural, more genuinely touched with imagination—and in the main we are right; but the true student of literature will never permit himself to be shut up within the confines of any school, however eminent. Whatever his personal preferences may be, he will seek to keep an open mind with regard to the whole body of literature. Sectarian narrowness is as objectionable in letters as it is in religion. The litterateur has generally a profound contempt for bigotry. He might, with advantage, consider how often he allows the same vice to obtrude into his own particular field. In literature, as in religion, there is a quality, an essence, a spirit which is above all accidents, forms, and schools, and which is independent of them. It is the business of the true critic to detect this quality under all disguises. If (to confine ourselves to the moderns) we are studying Keats or Browning, Tennyson or Longfellow, our object should be not to set up in a polemical spirit one writer to the exclusion of others, but only to discover and appreciate the modicum of true literature, be it large or small, which is to be found in each.

On this principle let us examine the poetry of Goldsmith. It must be conceded at once that he was the child of his age. What may be called the prophetic quality in literature was not in him. He foreshadowed no new style of verse, and, for his own inspiration, he went no further back than Pope. Cowper and Burns, who gave the chief impulse to modern poetry, were contemporary with Goldsmith, but their work came after his. James Thomson had indeed published "The Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence," which were not without their effect in the direction of an increased love of Nature; but Goldsmith thought Thomson to be "in general a verbose and affected

poet." It is doubtful whether he was able to appreciate Milton at his full value. He certainly condemned what he called the "irregular measure" of the introductions to "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" as hurtful to the English ear; and he thought that if we were called upon to show a specimen of our genius to a foreigner, the work which we should fix upon as probably the most perfect in our language would be Pope's "Rape of the Lock." It is as a professed follower of Pope, therefore, that Goldsmith, to do him justice, must be considered. In some respects he bettered his master. Hazlitt thinks he had less point and refinement than Pope, while he had more natural tenderness, more suavity of manner, and a more genial spirit. This is quite true; and it is just the comparative absence of "point," and of what was called "refinement," in Pope, which makes the poetry of Goldsmith more delightful to the English reader than that of the earlier master.

It is, of course, upon "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" that Goldsmith's position as a poet must rest; and the question to be asked is—how far do they possess the true spirit of poetry, and to what extent are they works of imagination? Two things are against them—the measure in which they are written and the didactic character which they assume. The ten-syllabled heroic, as it was handled by Pope and his followers, has undoubtedly an influence adverse to the production of the higher kind of poetry. The same measure as it was treated by Chaucer among the ancients, and by Keats and William Morris, for instance, among modern writers, is capable of entirely different effects; but Pope's measure tends inevitably to the production of an aphoristic line—a polished, axiomatic, and self-sufficing line, dependent for its attractiveness almost wholly upon point, neatness, and finish; and this, as has been said, leads away from true poetry. The

other objection is that they are too obviously didactic. We can imagine the scheme of either of these poems being first produced in prose, and then subsequently worked upon, touched, decorated, elevated, by the exercise of the poetic faculty. Goldsmith wrote a series of Essays on Poetry. These are worth attention, because, as is usual with him, they are admirably written, and they exhibit, in addition, no inconsiderable amount of reading and scholarship. "Besides the metaphors, similes, and allusions of Poetry," he says, "there is an infinite variety of Tropes, or turns of expression, occasionally disseminated through works of Genius, which serve to animate the whole, and distinguish the glowing effusions of real inspiration from the cold efforts of mere science. These Tropes consist of a certain happy choice and arrangement of words, by which ideas are artfully disclosed in a great variety of attitudes; of epithets, and compound epithets; of sounds collected in order to echo the sense conveyed; of apostrophes; and, above all, the enchanting use of the prosopopœia, which is a kind of magic by which the Poet gives life and motion to every inanimate part of Nature."

Now this passage is important, because it indicates what, we venture to think, was the false method of Goldsmith and his school. In reading his poems we are frequently conscious that, in his own amusing phrase, Tropes are being "disseminated"—the work of extraneous decoration is going on, and we are not surprised when it suddenly ceases, and the unclothed framework of the Essay makes its appearance, as it does in such passages as this, from "The Traveller"—

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

In what, then, lies the charm of these poems? In their perfect clearness and transparency of diction; in their admirable and delicate power of description; in the graceful metaphors and images with which they abound; and above all, in that warmth of personal feeling and in that power of a lovable character which are felt to be behind the poems themselves. This personal element is never long absent, and it is used with conspicuous skill. Regarded from the imaginative side, the finest thing, perhaps, in "The Traveller" is the way in which the poet, in the opening lines, boldly projects his own personality, and so gives the key to the main interest of the poem. Even the first word, "Remote," is a power in itself. In the "Essays," already alluded to, Goldsmith shows that he understood the magic of such words. He says: "There are certain words in every language particularly adapted to the poetical expression, some from the image or idea they convey to the imagination, and some from the effect they have upon the ear;" and he further calls attention to the way in which Virgil frequently uses the word *pendere* for the purpose of producing the highest poetical effect. It is with the same object and with the same insight that Goldsmith himself uses the word "remote." Whatever opinion we may hold with regard to "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," when considered as complete poems, no one can deny that they abound in single lines and couplets of the finest order. These have found their way to the English heart, and have established themselves in our literature in such a way that they can never henceforward be overlooked or forgotten. Take such lines as—

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
He sees his little lot, the lot of all.
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
A land of tyrants and a den of slaves.
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Compactness and the perfect polish of diction could not be carried further. Among his best couplets there are many which exhibit the higher qualities of poetry, and that power of catching the inevitable word to which we have already drawn attention. The following may be adduced as instances:—

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.

Where wild Owego spreads her swamp around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling.

Coleridge's canon as to the nature of true poetry holds here. It would not be possible to alter for the better a single word; and such phrases as "Carols as he goes," "Stuns with thundering sound," "The hollow-sounding bittern," and "Silent bats in drowsy clusters cling," are among the finest efforts of imaginative delineation.

The conclusion, then, to which we arrive is that these poems deserve to retain the place which they have so long held as English Classics; and that, although they only enter casually and incidentally into the higher regions of poetry, they are so distinguished by what Ruskin, speaking of "The Deserted Village," calls "exquisite distinctness and construction," that our contemporary poets might well find in them a salutary corrective of those tendencies towards looseness, vagueness, and obscurity which are now so common.



THE CHARM OF GOLDSMITH.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

TO say that an author has charmed us is to say that he has cast a spell upon us, has exercised some magic power of fascination over us. This influence may differ variously in kind and degree, going no further, it may be, than admiration of the work done, but displaying itself strongest when it becomes personal, enlisting our affections, and drawing us within that inner circle where admiration is transformed into love. With such influences the student of literature is familiar. As his eye glances over his library shelves, or as he passes in mental review the authors who have affected him most, he is conscious of many differences in his regard; some have gained dominion over him intellectually, while others have taken possession of his heart. He will be conscious, too, that even towards his favourites his affection is meted out in degrees, and that among his literary loves there is always "a nearer one still, and a dearer one yet than all other." A curious thing it is, when we reflect upon it, this "falling in love" in the literary sense. The object of our choice is not always the pro-

foundest thinker or the most brilliant writer, not always the soundest philosopher, or the most austere moralist. In the weakness of our literary nature some of us prefer a poet rather than a mathematician, a humourist rather than a learned divine. By reason of this same weakness, in another and personal sense, the elective affinity is not always found in the one whose "soul is like a star and dwells apart," but, it may be, in one who displays the frailties and the passions of his kind. Wayward, illogical, and almost inexplicable in its manifestations, is this literary love of ours, withheld as it so often is from the wise and prudent, and bestowed upon the weaker vessels of humanity.

The power to charm in literature, how shall one define it? The expression of it is wide and illimitable, the nature of it often mysterious, illusive, undefinable. The spell is cast upon us, we feel it, yield to it, but the why and wherefore of it are not so easily determined. In one of its manifestations this charm exists in what we call style, but style is in itself a mysterious, ever-varying product—the form in which the plastic informing spirit expresses itself. If the informing spirit is a purely intellectual one, this expression may be marked by grace of style, but our appreciation and enjoyment end with the recognition and admiration of it. There may be a certain charm in the way in which a scientific fact is set forth, a philosophic truth made plain, or a mathematical problem solved, but you cannot be enchanted by these things to any great extent, or bestow your affections upon an abstract idea. The true literary charm has its source in something more directly human. It belongs to the literature of humanity, and it is the humourists who have displayed it most effectively. It has to do with the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the tears and laughter of mankind. The

humourist takes the problem of life, and deals with it both seriously and playfully, appeals to you both on the intellectual and emotional sides of your nature. As Thackeray says, "The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. . . . Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him."

The humorous writer very often blends his own personality with his work, the two being not easily separated. On the other hand, your philosopher, as a rule, deals only with abstract or general truths. Lord Bacon was a philosopher, and no one would describe him as a humourist. Charles Lamb was also a philosopher in his way, but he possessed humour of the choicest kind, and blended his own personality with his work; so, though each possessed his own grace of style, for some of us there is a more subtle charm in Elia's essay on "Old China" than that of my Lord of Verulam on "The Vicissitude of Things."

From these reflections we may pass to our immediate subject, which is, the charm of Goldsmith. He was one of our greatest humourists, and certainly one of the best beloved. The spell of his genius has fallen upon many minds, and the influence of it has been lasting. Upon none has it fallen so strongly as upon the writers who have displayed some of his characteristics of gentleness and love. His name is the last in the list of English humourists upon whom Thackeray discoursed, but it is evident that he was held in the most affectionate regard by the later satirist. You remember how tenderly and lovingly he deals with Goldsmith's weaknesses, recognising

the sweetness and goodness of his nature, and the way in which these qualities are expressed in the literature he has bequeathed to us.

Among the illustrations to the "Roundabout Papers" is a quaint old-fashioned one representing Sir Joshua Reynolds in a domino and Dr. Goldsmith in an old English dress. The reference to it occurs in the paper on Tom Hood, and Thackeray says: "If half-a-dozen washing bills of Goldsmith's were to be found to-morrow, would they not inspire a general interest, and be printed in a hundred papers? I lighted upon Oliver, not very long since, in an old Town and Country Magazine, at the Pantheon Masquerade, in an 'old English habit.' Straightway my imagination ran out to meet him, to look at him, to follow him about. I forgot the names of scores of fine gentlemen of the past age, who were mentioned besides. We want to see this man who has amused and charmed us; who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought. I protest, when I came, in the midst of those names of people of fashion, and beaux and demireps, upon those names 'Sir J. R—yn—lds in a domino, Mr. Cr—d—ck and Dr. G—ldsm—th in two old English dresses,' I had, so to speak, my heart in my mouth. 'What! *you* here, my dear Sir Joshua? Ah, what an honour and privilege to see you! This is Mr. Goldsmith! And very much, sir, the ruff and the slashed doublet become you! O, Doctor! what a pleasure I had in reading, and have in reading, your *Animated Nature*. How *did* you learn the secret of writing the decasyllable line? and whence that sweet wailing note of tenderness that accompanies your song? Was Beau Tibbs a real man, and will you do me the honour of allowing me to sit at your table at supper?'"

Of all the biographies of Goldsmith that have been

written, none, for the present writer, is more delightful than that by Washington Irving, himself a humourist who was cast in a gentle mould, and who displays much of the sweetness, grace, and goodness of style and thought that characterised Goldsmith. The keynote of the book is struck in the opening lines, and nowhere can there be found a truer appreciation of the charm we are considering or the secret of it. The words are worth transcribing. He says: "There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works, the whimsical, yet amiable, views of human life and human nature, the unforced humour, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed, at times, with a pleasing melancholy, even the very nature of his mellow and flowing and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names, are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonise our thoughts; they put us in good humour with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us better and happier men."

As "Geoffrey Crayon" points out, Goldsmith's magic gift consisted in identifying himself with his work. In his essays, his comedies, his poetry, and his one immortal story, the author's personality gleams out everywhere. Throughout the whole you have the consciousness

of a good nature expressing itself in the most graceful and beautiful forms. It is the thorough humanity that pervades what is written that constitutes one of its chief attractions. A stammerer in speech, he became eloquent when he took up the pen, and by means of that magic wand he disclosed to his readers not only the secrets of his mind but of his heart. And what a well-stored mind, and what a generous heart, he possessed ! and how much there was of life experience that went to make up those literary creations of his ! And what a quaint picturesque personality he presents to us with his ungainly form, his harmless vanities and fopperies, his extravagances, and odd mixture, generally, of the Bohemian and the Beau ! We are all familiar with his life story, and have followed with a romantic interest the course of it, and have seen how the dull schoolboy, and the lounger at the village gate, became a philosophic vagrant, a sort of scholar-gipsy, who, when his wanderings were over, came back to reveal himself as an author, the fruits of whose genius are reckoned among the priceless treasures of English literature. Two-thirds of his life were, in a sense, non-productive, and formed the period of his apprenticeship, but during the remainder he proved himself a workman of no mean capacity and industry. As has been said, his genius was a plant that blossomed late, but, when it did appear, the bloom of it was tropical in its luxuriance, though the season was of short duration.

The choicest of these long-deferred flowers or fruits, as we may choose to regard them, of this plant of genius are lying before the present writer the while he is considering the charm they have exercised upon him. They are gathered together, harvested as it were, in a single volume, so that he can pass from the Poetical works to the Comedies, from "The Vicar of Wakefield" to "The Citizen of the World," from "The Present State of Polite Learning" to

"The Bee," and from the Essays to the Letters, which complete the garnered store. When one thinks about it, what wit, wisdom, humour, pathos and knowledge of human nature there is in these pages, conveyed in a style inimitable for its grace and beauty of expression! But it is the humanity underlying the style that gives to it its magnetic power of attraction. If we turn to the poetry, one finds there a charm of sweetness and smoothness of diction in that decasyllable line which other poets may have attained, but none of them to the same effect, when the substance and conditions of the whole are taken into account. The cases are not parallel in the metrical form, but it may be said that one reads "The Traveller" with quite other feelings than one reads "The Excursion." Both are reflective, didactic, and descriptive, and into both the personal element enters; but from Goldsmith's lines, with their plaintive under-song, one gets a subtler sense of touch with the poet's soul than one does from Wordsworth's more ambitious poem. The charm is something independent of the poet's views of society, from which you may differ, or his impressions of natural scenery, which may lack Wordsworth's subjective insight. It is the sense of the poet's presence in his words, for while you read you never lose the consciousness of this. "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," in that line you have the picture of the philosophic wanderer; and that he is writing out his heart, and from bitter experience, is evidenced in the lines where, after describing home comforts, he says—

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue,
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

By the way, the literary detective might think that he had found in some of these lines the original suggestion of those in Tennyson's "Ulysses," where he says that—

All experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

As an illustration of the influence of Goldsmith's verse, I may say here that not long ago, when conversing with a busy physician, a man of scientific mind—and who, if he had time for literary studies of a poetical kind, might from his northern origin, one thought, have been more disposed to Burns than Goldsmith—he told me that he made a practice of reading the latter poet at least once a year, and spoke as one to whom the melodious verse, in its soothing and refreshing power, was a source of oft-renewed delight. He cited "The Hermit" as one of his favourites, and glancing at the ballad again as it lies in its place next to "The Traveller," it occurs to me that, apart from its other attractions, it should possess a special charm for the vegetarian of these later days, for does not the gentle recluse Edwin say?—

No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn—
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them ;
But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring—
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"The Haunch of Venison" one imagines would have quite the contrary effect upon the consumer of herbs, despite the wit and humour of the verse. In a still greater degree than "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village" is marked by the poet's personality. From beneath the soft shadow of melancholy that pervades it the poet's soul looks out—

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

The charm of the poem, like that of "The Traveller," does not depend upon its views of society, of political government or social economy, though in these days, when so much is being said about deserted villages and the flight of the peasantry to the towns, there are parts of it which should have a peculiar interest. In this connection, and as another evidence of the familiar way in which Goldsmith is quoted in unexpected places, I may say that recently, while walking with a Scotch farmer over his land, we came upon a ruined cottage, wrecked and roofless. In reply to my question as to how a habitation of that kind came to be deserted and destroyed, my friend replied, with a smile—

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

One of the most charming passages in "The Deserted Village" is the farewell to poetry—

And thou, sweet Poetry ! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride :
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That find'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which all nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !

Charles Lamb said that Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him, and of the "Deserted Village" it may be said that the fitting prelude to it would be the soft sweet notes of the melodious flute.

By way of frontispiece to the volume before me there is an engraving of the portrait of Oliver Goldsmith, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which the good Doctor is displayed holding a book pressed against his bosom. I have a fancy

to believe that the volume which is thus held so affectionately is "The Vicar of Wakefield." With that alone the author might be content to go down to posterity, for its charm is perennial. It is a literary evergreen which no wintry criticism can ever destroy. How many editions of it have been issued one knows not, but the cry is "still they come." The present writer has a little pocket copy, bound in old-fashioned calf, and printed some eighty years ago, which has been the companion of his solitude, and has found a place in his knapsack in many wanderings. Not long ago he spent some pleasant hours of a sunny morning stretched on the turf of a heathery hilltop, turning over the familiar pages, sitting once again with Dr. Primrose and his family under the hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle, and finding that the old story had lost none of its charms.

Among those delightful essays, at which one has only time just now to glance, there is one which is headed "A Reverie," wherein, as you will remember, Goldsmith tells how, in an inn yard of his imagination, he lighted upon the Coach of Fame, constructed to carry passengers to the Temple so named, and how humorously he describes his conversation with the coachman regarding those whom he has driven to the much-coveted bourne, and how he himself asks for a seat on the next journey, but is rejected on account of his lack of literary luggage, a hope being held out to him that, as he seems a harmless creature, he may, if there is any room left, get a lift for charity's sake. You remember, too, how among those who come to take their places is Dr. Johnson, and how humorously, and with the most delicate satire, Goldsmith describes how the doctor finds a place. "Upon coming to open the stage door he lifted a parcel of folios into the seat before him, but our inquisitorial coachman at once

shoved them out again. ‘What! Not take in my Dictionary?’ exclaimed the other in a rage. ‘Be patient, sir,’ replied the coachman. ‘I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two thousand years; but I do not remember to have carried above one dictionary during the whole time. That little book which I perceive peeping from one of your pockets, may I presume to ask what it contains?’ ‘A mere trifle,’ replied the author; ‘it is called *The Rambler*.’ ‘*The Rambler!*’ says the coachman. ‘I beg, sir, you’ll take your place. I have heard our ladies in the Court of Apollo frequently mention it with rapture; and Clio, who happens to be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it to the *Spectator*, though others have observed that the reflections, by being refined, sometimes become minute.’ Eventually, as he tells us, the passengers all get seated, but there is no place found for him, even for charity’s sake, and so he is content to climb up behind, “in order to hear the conversation on the way.” Now, when one thinks of this Temple of Fame, and of those who have reached it, how different is the case of Goldsmith from that of his own description. There is a delicate touch of humour in that representation of himself as a hanger-on behind, and a listener to the conversation of Dr. Johnson and his companions. We all know what a sorry talker he is said to have been, playing Dr. Minor to Johnson’s Dr. Major, but while much of Johnson’s wit and wisdom, in its most attractive form, found expression through his tongue, and was only perpetuated by the fortunate incident of a Boswell being there to record it, Goldsmith’s genius flowed out through his pen to larger and happier results, which exist for us, and will continue to exist for future generations, as amongst the most charming of all the literature bequeathed to us by our English humourists.



GOLDSMITH AS A SONG WRITER.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

VERY few of Goldsmith's songs have survived to our day with any certainty that they are his, in spite of the fact that, in the production of this class of verse, he was most prolific. The reason is that his earliest songs were street ballads, written when a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of nineteen, to save himself from starvation. These "he sold at the Reindeer Repository, in Mount-rath Court, for five shillings a piece, and he would steal out of the college at night to hear them sung." This ephemeral publication is all the more to be regretted from the beauty of the songs that we do possess. Flowing, melodious, with a lack of harsh consonants, and a happy plenty of soft vowel sounds—wherein lies the great merit of the Italian language for vocal efforts—they are the acmes of poetry for the singer. For the musician, too, they are little gems; as, being for the most part written to airs familiar to Goldsmith—the names appearing at the head of some of them—they readily lend themselves to the charm of perfect musical expression. Yet, happy hunting-ground as they ought to prove for composers in search of *libretti*, they have been neglected or overlooked. The fact of their writer—himself a clever musician—having chosen the

melodies in his mind most appropriate for them, has perhaps been sufficient to deter a composer of to-day from competing with those melodies, especially as they partake of that national character that makes history, and have enthroned themselves in a people's memory, whence they cannot readily be ousted. But for the neglect of the remaining songs there is no such excuse. A good setting of such a song as "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" would be a capital acquisition to the *repertoire* of a vocalist who has mind enough to be weary of the reiteration of flabby sentiment in combination with tunes that have neither distinction nor originality, as is the case with many of the popular songs of these days. After Moses Primrose had sung this "truly tragical elegy," while Sophy took her guitar, and "thrummed in with the boy a little," the old Vicar, in praising him, ventured to dissertate slightly upon songs in a manner true to-day as a hundred years ago. "The most vulgar ballad of them all," said he, "generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza—productions that we at once detest and praise. . . . The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer compositions: but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould. Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can."

Again, we are short of a melody to "When Lovely

Woman Stoops to Folly." The late Charles Mackay, in his "Book of English Songs," ascribes a musical setting of these pathetic verses to Signor Giardini, a Turinese violinist, who made his first appearance in London, at a concert of Cuzzoni's, in 1750, sixteen years before the publication of the "Vicar of Wakefield," in which this and the preceding elegy appeared. But the tune, like many others without merit, has not lived, and to-day is not procurable, as many older but truer tunes are. A fancy came to me on reading again the chapter of "The Vicar of Wakefield" containing this song—and it is only a fancy, for I find no proof—that the melody to it, "that little melancholy air that your Papa was so fond of," as Olivia's mother said, might be none other than the first part of the "Farewell to Music," of Turlough O'Carolan, the last of the Irish bards. He died in 1737, when Oliver Goldsmith was only nine years old. But though Oliver was so young, his taste for song was roused by the blind harper, in whose wayside melodies he delighted, and whom he first met at Lissoy, three years before the musician's death. That he was fond of the bard is evidenced by his twentieth essay, which is an eulogy of Carolan, whose last effort, the "Farewell," is his most popular composition. Since the music of this piece and the words of Goldsmith's song fit together most aptly, without false phrasing, I am strongly inclined to the belief that Carolan's last burst of melody was in Goldsmith's mind when he penned Olivia's song, and called its air "melancholy."

"Weeping, Murmuring, Complaining" is a quaint little bridal madrigal, which, however, is devoid of that essential of a madrigal—a correspondingly quaint morris-dance style of melody.

"The Captivity," an "Oratorio," written by Goldsmith in 1764, but not published in full till 1820, does not seem to

have attracted the attention of composers, though it is a splendid subject for such a design, and has, moreover, the distinctive merit of being more poetical than other similar compositions. Musicians, as a rule, are by no means "literary," and it may be that they need this—till now wasted —libretto placed in their hands. Two of the songs in this oratorio—"O Memory, thou fond deceiver," and "The wretch condemned with life to part" were published at the end of the 1776 edition of the "Haunch of Venison," but no music to these can be traced.

The "Threnodia Augustalis" was, said its author, "more properly a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days, and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius. In justice to the composer, it may likewise be right to inform the public that the music was composed in a period of time equally short." It was produced opportunely (its greatest merit) at Mrs. Cornelius' fashionable rooms in Soho Square, shortly after the death of the Princess Dowager of Wales, in February, 1772. The composer was Goldsmith's friend, Joseph Cradock, whose music was evidently unfit to live. This lamentation-to-order is not worth the attention of any composer, as it was but a literary ephemeron, and its function has been fulfilled.

When "She Stoops to Conquer" was produced by Colman, at Covent Garden Theatre, on March 15th, 1773, its author intended that the Epilogue in dialogue (included amongst his poetical works) should follow the comedy; but as Mrs. Bulkley who played the part of Kate Hardcastle, could not sing, the idea was abandoned. This epilogue begins with a dialogue between Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Catley, which is followed by two recitatives, and three songs for Miss Catley. The first, "Turn, my Fairest,"

was written to the old English air of "Cotillon," to which melody the song, "Youth's the season made for joys," in the second act of Gay's "Beggar's Opera" was also sung. The second song, "I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day," was intended to be sung to the Scotch folk in the audience, and went to the old tune of "A bonny young lad is my Jockey." The third song was for the Irish boys: "Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack," and the tune it was written to is an old Irish lilt, "Ballinamony."

"Ah me! when shall I marry me?" was also a song written for Miss Hardcastle, but owing to Mrs. Bulkley's inability to sing, it was omitted. Its melody—"The humours of Ballymagairey"—is that to which Tom Moore, but less happily, wrote his song of "Sing, sing, music was given."

This song and that which Tony Lumpkin sings at the Three Pigeons—"Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain"—are recorded as having been sung by Goldsmith himself at General Oglethorpe's in April, 1773, after dinner, while taking tea with the ladies, Boswell and Johnson being of the company. The former says that "Goldsmith sang prettily, and afterwards wrote down the song 'Ah me! when shall I marry me' for me, by which means it was preserved and now appears amongst his poems." The original melody of Tony's song, that which was sung on the first night of the comedy, and probably by Goldsmith, I have been unable to trace. The tune to which, however, it is now adapted is one by Michael Kelly, who was only nine years old when "She Stoops to Conquer" was first produced, and could not therefore be the composer of the original music. Michael Kelly's song is entitled "When pensive I thought of my love."

There is a strain of melody and music running all through Goldsmith's life. At six years old he was enamoured of

Carolan and his harp. At college he could sing a song well, and used "to blow off his excitement at any rebuff, through his flute, with a kind of mechanical vehemence." The old inn at Ballymahon heard many a jovial song from Goldsmith's lips when he was president of the club for story-telling, whist playing, and song-singing. Three years later, at Uncle Contarine's, his flute joined harmoniously with Miss Contarine's harpsichord, and after another three years became the support of his existence while travelling on the Continent; "a good voice and a trifling skill in music" were almost the only finances available for the expedition. Yet another three years, and in the midst of his hack-work in Green Arbour Court his flute was the means of quietening squalid children, and turning away the mutual wrath of the laundry viragoes. At the Wednesday Club, where "songs after supper were the attraction," Goldsmith was in his element, and sang many a rattling song, such as "An old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon"—a song he sang in a state half frenzy, half faint, after his suspense concerning the production of "The Good-Natured Man." In more prosperous days we hear of him when living in chambers in the Inner Temple just over the head of Sir William Blackstone, disturbing that great lawyer, busy with his famous "Commentaries on the Laws of England," by the riot and melody that went on in his rooms. Later, while rusticating at Kenton, he was popular for "his comic songs, which he sang with great taste and fun," and to which his brogue (never conquered), in spite of his education and company (nor attempted so to be), added a further relish. And, finally, we note his singing "with great applause" at General Oglethorpe's, which was about his last recorded appearance as a singer, for he gradually wore away, and in less than a year he died.



ON THE POVERTY OF GOLDSMITH.

BY J. A. GOODACRE.

THE life of Oliver Goldsmith is a study of a very fascinating kind, and though marred by many shortcomings, yet charms the reader into sympathetic admiration, and inclines him very much more to pity than to censure. The earlier chapters in our author's history, ranging from his tenth to his thirtieth year, supply some very romantic reading. "Variety," says Cowper truly, "variety's the spice of life that gives it all its flavour." The career of Goldsmith was sufficiently varied to satisfy the most excursive and incident-loving reader, and in this diversity lies one of the chief causes of his popularity as a man. Issuing from an obscure Irish village, with no advantage of birth or of wealth—the victim of strange misadventures, rudely borne hither and thither by changing gusts of circumstance like a straw in a whirlwind—the dupe of transparent fraud, the jest of men, and the ridicule of women—struggling, hoping, borrowing, laughing, crying—who can resist the bewitching idiosyncrasies of the man?

Despite all his little foibles and indiscretions he commands our esteem, and we regard him as one of the most lovable of men. The generation of to-day, wiser than that

of a century ago, will not hold towards him such language as "fool," "inspired idiot," or any such term of reproach. Now he has a very different title. Apparently for all men and for all time it is to be "Poor Goldsmith." But this expression, though prompted by genuine sympathy, falls upon the ear as feeble and insufficient. "Noble Goldsmith" has a much more bracing sound, and would surely be more appropriate. The term "Poor Goldsmith" seems to gather up and focus much of the false criticism and misapprehension of the poet's life which has obtained in some quarters, and which presents Goldsmith as a child of misery and misfortune from first to last, with scarcely a ray of sunshine at any time to lighten the darkness of his lot.

But such was far from being the case; indeed, it is difficult to see how any unbiased reader can conclude that Goldsmith's share of human happiness was any less than that which falls to the lot of the average man. It will be found that by far the greater part of his trouble arose from his own natural inability to order his own affairs wisely and well. He was a poet, and he treated the science of busy, practical, everyday life with a poetic licence which unpoetical tradesmen found it impossible to tolerate.

Passing by the period of Goldsmith's greatest distress (1756), when, returned from his philosophic wanderings on the Continent, he paced the streets of London destitute of both funds and friends; passing over the worst season of his literary hackwork, and arriving at the time of the appearance of his play, "The Good-natured Man" (1768), for which he got five hundred pounds, we may fairly say that ever afterwards his poverty was a thing of choice rather than of necessity. Indeed, his poverty was of a very peculiar kind, for it appears that the more money he made the poorer he became. Remembering the sums he

received during the last ten years of his life, and knowing his financial position at the time of his death, we are driven to the Hibernian conclusion that he was best off when he had nothing. In those distressful days he was obliged to work or to borrow before he could eat, but when, by his writings, he had become well known, he got, what to him was a very dangerous thing, credit. Credit not merely from his milkman, and from his tailor, Mr. John Filby, of immortal memory, who, by-the-bye, ought surely to have written off the £79 which stood in his ledger against Goldsmith, in consideration of the mention of Mr. Filby's name in the biography of the poet, thus ensuring to the habit-maker a fame as enduring, if not quite so brilliant, as that of the author of the "Deserted Village." Goldsmith got credit not only from those who supplied him with food and clothing, but also from the publishers, some of whom were ready to stand as literary pawnbrokers, and advance to him sums of money on the strength of his own promise to furnish *certain* work at some *uncertain* future time. To a man of Goldsmith's temper and habits this was an unfortunate method of procedure. In charity we will suppose that it was hoped thereby to relieve his pressing necessities, and to set him upon firmer ground, but the effect undoubtedly was to increase, instead of to lessen, his embarrassments. Goldsmith, always inclined to set the pace a little too high to be quite agreeable to the constable, now quickened his locomotion until it far exceeded the utmost speed at which that interesting functionary found it convenient to travel. "I have outrun the constable," he says pathetically in one of his letters. But who is the constable, some one may say, we have never made his acquaintance? Is he the man in blue, that omnipresent individual who holds secret communion with the cook, and finds no

inspiration equal to that which a succulent leg of mutton affords? Oh, no, he is not the man in blue, nor is he the man in black, but he is a citizen of the world, a veritable globe-trotter, with a strong passion for tour and travel, fond of analysing human character, and much given to association with people in the lower walks of life. His condescension to mortals not loaded with a superfluity of this world's goods is one of the most distinctive features of his character. He has probably read, and seeks to profit by, the maxim of the American philosopher—that one of the best ways to be happy in this world is to think of those beneath you, and to forget that there is anybody above you.

Yes, Goldsmith out-distanced the constable, and had to pay the penalty, and a very heavy penalty it was, ending, there is little doubt, in an acceleration of death. The arrears into which he fell must have been to him, at times, a very grievous burden. His bargain with Griffin, the publisher, was to complete the "Natural History" in eight volumes for £800, £100 to be paid upon the delivery in manuscript of each volume, but we read that he had received payment for five volumes when as yet the greater part of them had to be written. The work of continuous literary composition is sufficiently toilsome even when attended by favouring circumstances, but what must be the feeling of him who works day after day and night after night to discharge a debt, the whole advantage of which has long since disappeared, leaving behind no reward to gain, but merely an obligation to fulfil.

To account for the straitness of Goldsmith's circumstances, much has been said of the rapacity of publishers, and the hard bargains they drove with him. There may be something in this, but there is something to be said on the other side. If the publishers had dealt with him as

the Continental peasants had previously done, and required the tune before paying the piper, it is just possible that Goldsmith's income and expenditure account would have never been quite so wide of striking a balance.

It would be absurd to suppose, as some have done, that had he but received twice the amount of money that he did he would have been comparatively free from trouble. It is clear enough that his distresses were of a kind not to be overcome by any such common expedient. He acted all through life as though he believed that money, like manure, must be well scattered if it is to do any good.

This fatal facility of squandering he could never correct. The first considerable sum of money which he was able to call his own—the thirty pounds paid to him upon giving up his first tutorship—slipped through his hands like water through a sieve. In his next essay, with fifty pounds in his pocket, he started for London, there to study the law, but got through his cash before he got through Dublin. His investment, while in Holland, of all but his last guinea in tulip roots was another instance of his prodigality. His privations on the Continent, and the hardships he endured when first he settled in London, failed to make him a good chancellor of his own exchequer. It certainly seems strange, that after the many hard struggles which he had before any substantial pecuniary gain accrued to him, that he should spend almost the whole of the proceeds of his first success—the five hundred pounds which he got for “The Good-natured Man”—on the decoration and furnishment of his rooms. But it was characteristic of the man. In domestic economy, and in all matters relating to the outlay of money, he was to the last, as a child, eager to spend, but without a thought as to how the next supplies were to be obtained. It would have been well for him if, as Mrs. Milner once suggested, some one could have kept

his purse and given out to him little by little, as was done with the schoolboys, so that though he might spend often he could not spend much. "It gives me some pain," he writes, "to think I am almost beginning the world at 31." Fourteen years after this he died, and it appears, that beginning this period with nothing, he closed it with two thousand pounds less than nothing, though his income for those fourteen years must have averaged, at the very lowest computation, two hundred pounds per annum.

This seems to justify, in part, the strong language of his friend Dr. Johnson, that Goldsmith had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense.

And without maligning publishers, or charging a lethargic public with gross indifference to the claims of genius, it explains the nature of the poverty of Goldsmith. He was indeed poor in one sense—not in the sense of being unfortunate, or unable to procure the means of living, but poor in that common prudence, that saving sagacity which every man must exercise if he is to keep a coat to his back, and a loaf in his pantry.

But when all has been said that can be said about Goldsmith's all too rapid expenditure, it cannot bedim that bright feature of his character, a feature which has perhaps done more to endear him to Englishmen than any other quality either of his head or his heart—I mean his never-failing charity and self-sacrificing generosity. The world has been pleased to laugh at him and to cry "fool," for what it thinks itself entitled to call his "thoughtless benevolence." Is it thoughtless benevolence for a man whose total cash possessions amount to the trifling sum of five shillings to share that sum with a destitute, friendless woman, who has three or four starving children at her side clamouring for food which she cannot give? Is it thought-

less benevolence which prompts a poor man to divide the little he has with those who have nothing? There would be far less inhumanity of man to man if such benevolence were more general.

There is another point of view from which we might well survey the poverty and failures of Goldsmith's life. What was the effect upon his mind and work of all his miscarriages and misadventures? Had he succeeded as parson, lawyer, or doctor, should we have ever known him as an author? His many disappointed hopes and baffled endeavours recall to mind the couplet—

"Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

His life's discipline was a [severe one; he, too, had to stoop to conquer, but his final triumph amply atones for all the ills he was called upon to bear.





GOLDSMITH AS A SOCIAL REFORMER.

BY WM. DINSMORE.

IN Goldsmith's time the Penal Code of England was a disgrace to civilisation. The true principle of punishment was very much misunderstood. The execution of the law was carried out in a spirit of vindictiveness, and the possibility and value of reformation were disregarded.

Cruel law, the offspring of the dark ages, had existed for centuries, and probably in hundreds of cases in which it had been carried out the hangman's rope cost more than the stolen property for which a life was taken. Multitudes of unfortunates of both sexes, and of every age, received their quietus for offences often of the most trivial nature. The amelioration of the criminal law was advocated, for many years, by generous and philanthropic men possessed of learning varied and accurate, talents of a rare order, eloquence captivating and powerful, and a zeal and courage surpassed only by the benevolence of their hearts.

Oliver Goldsmith must ever be classed among the earnest and faithful men who appealed, by voice or pen, to the wisdom of the statesman and the mercy of the Christian for mitigation and amendment in the administration of criminal law.

The reformatory system now established was shadowed forth by Goldsmith. His beautiful gospel of humanity,

full of wise and pregnant passages, the outcome of his kind and gentle nature, is found chiefly in the twenty-seventh chapter of the "Vicar of Wakefield." When Dr. Primrose was cast into prison, where riot, licentiousness, and filth prevailed, the wretched state of the inmates excited his compassion so much that it appeared a duty incumbent upon him to attempt to reclaim them. When he communicated his benevolent intention to his family, they received the announcement of his gracious purpose with amazement and universal disapproval, adding that his endeavours would not contribute to the prisoners' amendment, and might probably disgrace his calling. His reply was—

"Excuse me, these people, however fallen, are still men! and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all despise me; perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain. For is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

The good Vicar's consistent deportment among his fellow prisoners gradually won their regard and patient hearing. His presence comforted them and lighted up their abode of misery, like the welcome presence of Florence Nightingale ("Santa Filomena") "in dreary hospitals of pain," whilst on her holy mission to the soldiers wounded in the Crimean War; his words of hope and comfort fanned the living embers of goodness in their hearts; and his message of peace stilled the tempestuous waves of unholy passion in their souls. He tells us—

My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think

of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work, at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment ; so that each earned something every day ; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity ; that it would soon be convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands—we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state : nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such all nature rises in arms : but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact ; because no man has a right to barter his life, any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling inconvenience, since it is far better that two men should live than one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred or a hundred thousand ; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other ; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace ; and in all commencing governments, that have the point of nature still strong upon them, scarcely any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age ; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased, as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears, all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality ; thus the multitude of laws produces new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion came to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner ; we should then find that creatures, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger ; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too ; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend ; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it ; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

Honour to Goldsmith ! Let us think of him, not merely as the best beloved poet of the English-speaking race, but also as one who advocated the cause of progress and humanity.





EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

BY HENRY GANNON.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS is, at the present moment, amongst modern Italian writers, beyond all dispute, far and away the most popular. The eagerness with which a new work from his pen is looked forward to by his fellow-countrymen, reminds one very much of a time when we were many years younger, and we used to see announced on the walls or in the press, with a pleasant anticipation of what was coming, the approaching issue of some new work of Dickens. And for a parallel to the rapidity with which edition follows edition of his works, we must go back to the time of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nor is this popularity of De Amicis confined to his own country. His works are much sought after in France and Spain; in Germany, too, he is tolerably well read, though his style is more appreciated, and harmonises, indeed, naturally more with the literary taste of the Latin races generally, as compared with the Teutonic. I am given to understand, too, that he is acquiring considerable popularity in the United States; but here in England, for some reason or other, the name of De Amicis is seldom heard, even in literary circles, whilst to the average Englishman,

he and his works are an unknown quantity. We know more, or rather hear and read more, in these latter days, of the Mahatmas than we do of Edmondo De Amicis. At the same time it is quite natural that De Amicis should be, first and foremost, the literary pet of his own countrymen. Italians, whatever their internal differences may be, are all, from one end of the peninsula to the other, exceedingly patriotic, and ardent defenders of Italian unity. Now, De Amicis is not only a very brilliant writer, but he is the exponent *par excellence* of this feeling, and rarely misses the chance of bringing it in as an object lesson in his works. Still the ring of his advocacy is so genuine and honest that no one can take umbrage at his words, and even the Frenchman, forgetting his national rivalry and war of tariffs, can enjoy the perusal of his works heartily, whilst the once well-hated Tedeschi admire them much as we do those of Lowell and Hawthorne. Of course, between Englishmen and Italians no such antagonistic ideas or national differences like those alluded to exist. On the contrary, Englishmen have done much to help forward the ultimate realisation of Italy's dream. Still we are bound to confess that the mere fact of Italian unity having become at last a *fait accompli*, has robbed us somewhat of the enthusiasm we felt at the time of Garibaldi and King Bomba. But notwithstanding our present scant acquaintance with De Amicis and his writings, I confidently anticipate that with the lapse of time he will enjoy, at least, as great a popularity amongst English readers as such French authors, say, as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alphonse Daudet, and others. To use a sporting phrase, De Amicis has pretty well the course to himself and can make all the running. He has few competitors in his own country, he is very prolific, and is in the prime of life, being only forty-six years of age. With

these undoubted advantages in his favour, one feels naturally inclined to predict a still more brilliant future for him than even his past has been, provided that the one lion in his path—over-laudation by his countrymen—like the wolf in Dante's "Divina Commedia," may not drive him down hill. Only recently I noticed in their journal, *L'Illustrazione Italiana*, some slight indication of this over-lionizing. In this periodical there was a short paragraph headed, in large type, "De Amicis, Scribe," as much as to say, he is not actually sleeping on his laurels, but still condescends to write a little more for us. Still, with that healthy common sense and that cosmopolitan feeling—the result of his journeyings in many lands—which runs through all his works, we may hope, for his own sake, as also for the sake of Italian literature, that he will avoid this pitfall.

De Amicis, as I have already indicated, was born in 1845, in Liguria, and educated in the Gymnasium of Cuneo, on leaving which he entered the Military School of Modena. This school he quitted in 1866, with the grade of sub-lieutenant, in which year he joined the Italian army, and took part in the battle of Custoza. On the entry of the Italians into Rome, he left the army to devote himself entirely to literature. But, preliminarily to this, he devoted a considerable time to travel, visiting Spain, Holland, North Africa, England, Turkey, and France. These journeys furnish him with ample material for some of his most attractive works, such as "La Spagna," "Olanda," "Ricordi di Londra," "Ricordi di Parigi," "Morocco," "Constantinople," etc. Such of these works as I have had the pleasure of perusing are very charmingly written, evincing, as they do, a deep insight into human nature in his description of men and manners, and the varying idiosyncrasies of the different peoples amongst

whom he sojourned. His "Ricordi" or reminiscences in particular, which take, for the most part, the form of a series of clever character sketches of eminent writers, with whom he came in contact, are well worth studying, and might become, I have no doubt, through the medium of good translations, very popular text books of their kind. Besides these works, he has written a number of others, such as his "Vita Militare," in which he embodies his experiences of a soldier's life. His "L'Oceano," describing a journey he made on one of those large steamers which leave the port of Genoa almost weekly, carrying some 1,500 to 2,000 Italian emigrants to the Argentine Republic—that Canaan of the sorely oppressed Italian peasant. Many were the guesses amongst Italian readers before this book was issued, and only the title "L'Oceano" (The Ocean) was known, as to what its motif would be. The general opinion, based on De Amicis' known ability as a descriptive writer, was that it would be a grandiloquent description of the ocean, a kind of prose poem. Nothing could be much farther from the mark. It is a charmingly written book, full of both humour and pathos, in which he pourtrays, with a master hand, the various groups and individuals on board the vessel, from the captain downwards, amongst whom his lot was thrown, and ignoring the ocean almost altogether. His next work, which appeared last year, "Il Romanzo d'un Maestro," is the story of the life of a village schoolmaster, nor is the title of "Romanzo" in this case at all misleading, for the author certainly does succeed in weaving out of the otherwise prosaic and unpromising material of the life of a miserably paid and sorely persecuted master of a modern village national school, a real romance. Harried and badgered as he is on the one side by the village priest and his ignorant and superstitious flock, and on the other hand by the Sindaco

and his subordinates. To English school teachers, or those taking an interest in the question of national education, I cannot imagine any foreign work of more absorbing interest. Of his last work, "Il Vino," I cannot express an opinion, not having read it. Its subject is, however, the psychological and physiological effects of the abuse of wine, which are, I have no doubt, treated in his usual masterly manner. But I think I have mentioned enough to show that De Amicis is a many-sided writer.

As regards his style, it is only natural to expect that so receptive a mind as that of De Amicis' should show the impress of certain predecessors, but of none so much, I venture to think, as of Allesandro Manzoni, the author of that delightful idyl "*I Promessi Sposi*," which has taken its place amongst the Italian classics, and of Massimo d'Azeglio. But like all strong men, his own native individuality has asserted itself in forming what we may call the style of Edmondo De Amicis.

Of all his books of travel, the one entitled: "*Olanda*" has the greatest charm for me. In it he records, in the shape of a journal, and in the most sparkling and epigrammatic style, of which he is a past master, his thoughts and impressions during a quiet saunter through the Netherlands. The English translation of this work, beautifully illustrated, has recently been published at a very reasonable price.

Probably my own predilection for the book may, and does, arise from a somewhat intimate acquaintance with that quaint and interesting corner of Europe and its shrewd, plodding, and persevering inhabitants. Still, even for those who have only a book knowledge of that semi-amphibious race and their land of dykes and dams, I have met with no description—and I have read a good many, both by Dutchmen and others—so enjoyable and instruc-

tive at the same time. De Amicis travels with his eyes wide open, and with that happy receptivity of mind peculiar to him, seizes on all the salient points of Dutch character and scenery, conveying them to his readers in the tersest and most felicitous language. There is no doubt that in this connection he was aided, or unconsciously impelled, and that, too, to no small extent, by the circumstances of the case. Under certain given conditions the dullest of us at times may become eloquent, as when under the influence of strong emotion or when brought suddenly face to face with scenes and conditions of life the exact opposite of what we have been accustomed to. When we consider, now, how utter this transformation must have been to an Italian, when comparing the scenery and modes of life of his own country with those of the Netherlands, we can the more easily account for the profound impression they must have made on a mind so sensitive as that of De Amicis, and consequently for the freshness and vividness of the sketches he gives us.

He is untiring in his admiration of the Dutch in their never-ceasing and beaver-like perseverance in fighting with the ocean, which is embodied in the Dutch saying: "God made all other countries, but the Dutch made Holland." Of this indomitable pluck and perseverance he cites many instances when fighting against other foes. One instance from out a long list will suffice. When the war of independence broke out—the eighty years' war, as the Dutch call it—the inhabitants of the island on the left bank of the Scheldt, called Zeelandese Flanders, rather than surrender their land to the Spaniards, broke the dykes and submerged the entire island, destroying in one day the labour of four centuries. At the close of the war they immediately set to work, and after three hundred years' labour the surface of the island again saluted the sun.

And not the least remarkable feature connected with this incredible effort, is the fact that the island disappeared under the waves of the North Sea as Catholic and emerged from them again staunch Protestant! De Amicis is also liberal in the testimony he bears to the general intelligence and spread of education amongst the people, of which he gives many instances which struck him.

Just a word respecting the little story to which these remarks may serve as an introduction. The work containing it is one on which De Amicis set small store, but, as sometimes happens, the ugly duckling has a way of not infrequently becoming the pet of the flock. It may, however, be best described by the writer's own few introductory words:—

This book is specially dedicated to boys of the elementary schools, of n.e to thirteen years of age, and might be called The Story of a Scholastic Year, written by a pupil of the third class of an Italian Municipal School. In saying that it is written by a boy of the third class, I do not wish to be understood that he wrote it exactly as it is here printed. He noted down successively in his journal, as well as he could, all that he had seen, felt, and thought, both in school and out. His father then, at the end of the year, wrote these pages, based on his notes, whilst studiously avoiding any alteration of the boy's thoughts, and preserving, as far as possible, the very words of his son, who, on entering the gymnasium, four years later, re-perused the manuscript, availing himself of his memory, still fresh as regards persons and events, to add certain ideas of his own. Now read this book, boys. I hope you will be pleased with it, and that it may do you good.

Notwithstanding the writer's estimate of the book, which from a purely literary point of view is, I think, a correct one, it has become exceedingly popular in Italy, having already run through an almost incredible number of editions—the one I have, dating from 1889, is the ninety-ninth, and it is now running through, I believe, its one hundred and tenth. The reason of this popularity is not far to seek. It is popular in the truest sense of the word, inasmuch as it appeals not so much to the higher intellectual faculties as to those common

instincts and sympathies which are "understood of the people." The title is simply "Cuore," heart; or, amplified—the education and development of the heart's faculties in the school curriculum, as compared with the purely intellectual or scientific side of our nature. There is a healthy, manly tone throughout its pages that reminds us somewhat of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," a contempt of all shams and superficialities, and an advocacy of all that is good, kindly, unselfish, and heroic amongst the humbler classes, that cannot fail to have worked for good with the Italian population generally. Judging at least from the one solid fact of its great popularity, the work cannot have been written in vain. The plan of the work is simple. It is divided into twelve chapters, each of which covers a month of the scholastic year. In each the boy relates, in clear and simple language, his experience both in school and out, as before stated. Then, at the end of each month, he gives the so-called "racconta mensile," or monthly story, written by one or other of the more advanced scholars. These stories, for the most part, treat of acts of heroism, endurance, self-denial, or kindness, in which the chief actor is a boy or girl. It is one of these "racconti mensili," entitled "L'Infermiere di Tata," which I have endeavoured to translate as faithfully as possible:—

DADDY'S HOSPITAL NURSE.

On the morning of a wet March day a boy in the garb of a peasant, drenched to the skin and covered with mud, with a bundle of clothes under his arm, addressed the porter of the Hospital dei Pellegrini at Naples, and while presenting a letter which he bore, enquired for his father. He had a handsome oval face of a pale olive complexion, pensive eyes and full half-opened lips, showing a set of dazzling white teeth. He came from one of the villages in the vicinity of Naples. His father, who had left his home the previous year to seek work in France, had just returned to Italy, when he was suddenly struck down with sickness, and had barely time to write a line to his family, announcing his arrival and his admittance into the hospital. His wife, stunned at the news, but unable to leave her home, having a sick child to nurse and a baby in the arms, was obliged to send the eldest boy to Naples with a few soldi in his

pocket to assist his father—his “ta-ta,” as they say in the Neapolitan dialect (a term of endearment corresponding to our own dada or daddy). The boy had walked a distance of some ten miles that morning.

The porter, casting a glance at the letter, called one of the hospital assistants and asked him to conduct the boy to his father.

“What father?” enquired the assistant.

The boy, trembling with the presentiment of bad news, told his name.

The assistant had no recollection of such a name. “An old workman returning from abroad, did you say?”

“Well, he is a workman,” replied the boy, with growing anxiety, “but not so old, and he has just returned from abroad.”

“When did he enter the hospital?”

The boy, giving a glance at the letter, said: “Five days ago, I believe.”

The assistant, reflecting a moment, exclaimed suddenly, as if recollecting himself: “Ah! yes. Fourth room, last bed.”

“Is he very bad? How is he?” was the anxious inquiry of the boy.

The assistant, glancing at him without reply, merely said, “Come along with me.”

After climbing two flights of stairs and arriving at the end of a long corridor, they found themselves facing the open door of a large chamber in which were two long rows of beds. “Come along,” repeated the assistant, entering the room.

The boy summoned up all his courage and followed him, casting frightened glances to right and left at the pale and shrunken faces of the sick, some with their eyes closed as if dead, others with dilated, glassy eyeballs staring into space, as if in terror, whilst some were moaning like children. The room was dimly lighted and filled with the acute odour of medicaments. Two sisters of charity were moving about with phials in their hands.

On arriving at the end of the room, the assistant, stopping at the head of a bed, threw open the curtains and said, “There is your father.”

The boy, bursting into an agony of tears, and letting his parcel fall, buried his face on the shoulder of the sick man, grasping with one hand the arm that was extended immovable on the coverlet. The sick man did not stir. The boy, raising himself, looked fixedly at his father, and again burst into tears. Thereupon the sick man turned a long and searching look on him and seemed to recognise him. Still his lips never moved. “Poor daddy! how altered you are!” he cried. His son would never have recognised him. His hair had turned quite grey; his beard had grown long. His face was swollen and of a deep red colour, with the skin distended and lustrous. His eyes had become shrunk, the lips thicker, and the whole physiognomy changed. There was nothing of his old self left but the forehead and the arched eyebrows. He breathed with the greatest difficulty. “Daddy! daddy!” cried the boy, “don’t you know me? I’m Cicillo, your Cicillo, come from the country. Mother has sent me. Look at me; don’t you know me? Speak just one word.”

But the sick man, after looking at him attentively, merely closed his eyes.

"Daddy! daddy! What is the matter with you? I'm your son, your Cicillo."

The sick man never moved, but continued to breathe painfully.

Then the boy, still weeping, took a chair, and sitting down, waited, waited, never once removing his eyes from his father's face. "A doctor will be coming this way soon," he thought, "to pay a visit. He'll tell me something, at least." Then becoming immersed in sad thoughts, he recalled so many things of his dear father, of his last good-bye on the steamer, the day of his departure, of the many hopes the family had built up on the results of that voyage, of the grief of his mother on receiving that letter. And then the thought of death arose within him. He saw his father lying dead, his mother in the garb of mourning, and the family reduced to misery. For a long time he sat brooding thus, when a light hand was laid on his shoulder. The boy started. It was a nun. "What is the matter with my father?" he cried. "Is it thy father?" asked the nun, in a gentle tone. "Yes, it's my father. I have just come to see him. What is the matter?" "Courage, my boy," said the nun, "the doctor is coming." She then left him without saying more.

After the lapse of half an hour he heard the sound of a bell, and saw the doctor enter at the other end of the room, accompanied by an assistant, and followed by the sister of mercy and a nurse. They commenced their visit, stopping at each bed. The long, long interval of expectancy seemed an eternity to him, and every step of the doctor increased his anguish. At last he arrived at the next bed. He was an aged man, tall, stooping, and with a grave and kindly countenance. The boy stood up, and when the doctor approached he began to cry and whimper. The doctor looked at him enquiringly. "It is the sick man's son," explained the sister of mercy, "he has arrived from his village this morning." He laid one hand on the boy's shoulder, and stooping down, felt the patient's pulse, touched his forehead, and then made some enquiries of the sister of mercy, whose reply was, "No change." Then, reflecting for a moment, he said, "Continue the treatment."

Thereupon the boy, taking courage, asked, "What is the matter with my father?"

"Be of good courage!" said the doctor, again laying his hand on his shoulder. "It is an attack of erysipelas in the face. A serious case, 'tis true, but there is still hope. Stay and assist him. Your presence may do him good."

"But he doesn't know me," said the lad, sorrowfully.

"He will recognise you to-morrow, perhaps. Let us hope for the best, and have courage."

The boy would have liked to ask more, but did not venture. The doctor passed on to another room, and then commenced the little fellow's life of hospital nurse. Unable to do more, he arranged the coverlet, felt the patient's hands from time to time, drove away the gnats that annoyed him, and bent down to him at every groan. And when the sister of mercy brought him something to drink, he would take the glass and the spoon from her hand, and give it him in her stead. The sick man gazed at him from time to time, but showed no sign of recognition, save when he bent over him more than usually long, and especially when he applied the handkerchief to his eyes. Thus passed

the first day. At night he slept in a chair in the corner of the room, and in the morning he resumed his pious office. That day it appeared as if the eyes of the sick man revealed a beginning of consciousness. At the caressing voice of the boy, a vague expression of gratitude seemed to gleam in the pupils, and once his lips slightly moved, as if he longed to say something. After each brief period of unconsciousness, on re-opening his eyes, he seemed to seek his little nurse. The physician, after the second visit, noticed a slight improvement. Towards evening, on reaching him the cup, the boy imagined he saw a quivering of the swollen lips and a feeble effort at a smile. From this he took comfort somewhat, and ventured to hope; and with this ray of hope—that he might, perhaps, still be understood, however confusedly—he continued to talk with his father. He spoke of his mother and his little sisters, and of their return home, exhorting him, in the warmest and most loving accents, to take courage; and though he often doubted whether he was understood, he still continued to speak, inasmuch as it seemed to him that his father, though not comprehending, had still a certain pleasure in listening to the unusual sound of that voice so full of affection and sadness. In this way he passed the second, the third, and the fourth day, with alternations of slight improvements and sudden relapses. So absorbed was he in his unremitting attentions that he hardly allowed himself time twice a day to swallow a morsel of bread and cheese, which the sister of charity brought him, and was scarcely conscious of what was going on around him—patients dying—the sudden coming and going in the night-time of the sisters, the sobs and despairing gestures of the visitors, leaving without hope—and all those painful and harrowing scenes of hospital life, which, under any other circumstances, would have stunned and terrified him. The hours and days passed, and still he was there with "daddy," attentive, thoughtful, and trembling at every sigh and every look, agitated and wavering between hope that swelled his breast at one moment, and despair that froze his heart's blood within him the next.

On the fifth day the sick man became suddenly worse. The doctor, on being interrogated, shook his head, as much as to say, "It is all over with him," at which the little fellow cast himself in the chair in an agony of tears. Still one thing consoled him somewhat. In spite of his getting worse, it seemed to him that the sick man was slowly and gradually gaining consciousness. He regarded the lad even more wistfully, and with a growing expression of tenderness. He would take no medicine or drink from anyone but him. And that forced movement of the lips, as if he longed to pronounce a word, became more frequent and at times so marked that the boy grasped his arm with the violence of sudden hope, and would cry out with an almost jubilant tone: "Courage, courage, daddy, you'll get better yet, and leave this place and go home to mother. Just a little more courage, daddy."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, when the boy had just given way to one of these impulses of tenderness and hope, when outside the door of the room he heard the sound of footsteps, then a powerful voice and two words only, "Arrivederci, suora!" that made him spring to his feet with a cry that almost choked him. At the same moment a man entered the room with a large wrapper on his arm, followed by a sister of mercy.

The boy uttered a piercing cry and stood riveted to the spot.
The man turned round, stared at him, when he too uttered the cry—
“Cicillo!” and rushed towards him.

The boy fell half suffocated into the arms of his father.
The sisters, the nurses, and the assistant came running round and stood there in amazement.

The boy could not utter a word. “Oh, Cicillo mio!” cried the father, casting a glance at the sick man, and then kissing the boy. “Cicillo, my son, what is the meaning of this? Why, they have brought you to the bed of another, and here was I in despair at not seeing you, after your mother, too, wrote me that she had sent you. Poor little fellow! How many days have you been here? However has this blunder happened? I have got through it all pretty well, and am strong on my legs again, you see. And how is mother and Concetella and the baby. I’m leaving the hospital now, so come along. O Signore Iddio! Who would have thought it!”

The boy had great difficulty in getting out a word or two respecting the family. “Oh, how glad I am, how glad I am!” he stammered. “What awful days I have passed,” he cried, still hugging his father.

But still he did not move.

“Well, come along,” said the father, “come along. We shall reach home still before evening,” and he pulled the lad towards him.

But the latter only turned round and looked at the sick man.

“Well, are you coming or not?” asked the father, in wonderment.

The lad cast another glance at the sick man, who at that moment opened his eyes, and looked at the lad fixedly. Then, at last, the boy’s pent-up feelings found vent in a torrent of words. “No, daddy, wait—look here—I can’t. There is that old man. For five days now I have been here. He is always looking at me like that. I took him for you. I have got to like him. He looks to me to give him his drink. He will have me at his side. And just now he is very, very bad. Have patience. I have not the courage to leave him. I’ll come home to-morrow. Let me stay a little longer. It would never do for me to leave him now. See how he watches me. I don’t know who he is, but he wants me, and will die alone without me. Let me stay here, daddy!”

“Bravo, little one!” cried the assistant.

The father stood there in perplexity, looking first at the boy and then at the sick man.

“Who is he?” he inquired.

“He is a peasant, like yourself,” said the assistant, “just returned from abroad, and entered the hospital the same day you did. When they brought him here he was unconscious, and has not been able to utter a word since. Maybe he has a family far away, and children of his own. He seems to have taken your boy for one of them.”

The sick man gazed intently at the lad.

The father said to Cicillo: “Stay.”

“His stay will be but brief,” whispered the assistant.

“Stay,” repeated the father. “You have got your heart in the right place, my boy. But now I must return home at once, and relieve mother from her

anxiety. Here is a scudo for your wants. Addio, my brave boy! A rivederci!" Embracing his son, with a tender look he kissed him on the forehead, and departed.

Cicillo returned to the bedside, and the sick man appeared reconciled. And now he recommenced his office of nurse, this time no longer with tears, but with the same solicitude and patience as before. He arranged his coverlet, gave him his drink, caressed his hands, speaking softly to him the while words of encouragement. He tended him all that day, all the next night, and was at his side the whole of the following day. But the man gradually sank, his face became livid, his breathing more laboured, and his agitation greater, whilst inarticulate cries escaped his lips from time to time, and meanwhile the swelling became terrible. At the evening visit the doctor said he would not survive the night. Cicillo only redoubled his attentions, never leaving him for a moment. The sick man gazed and gazed at him, moving his lips from time to time with a supreme effort, as though he longed to say something to him. Then an expression of loving tenderness gleamed from those poor eyes, already becoming contracted and veiled with the death-glaze. That night the lad continued his vigil till he saw the grey dawn begin to break on the window panes, when the sister of mercy arrived. She approached the bedside, cast a glance at the patient, then left with hurried steps. Presently she reappeared with the assistant doctor and the hospital attendant, bearing a lantern.

"He is at his last moment," said the doctor.

The boy grasped the sick man's hand. The latter, opening his eyes, fixed his gaze on him for some moments, then closed them again. At the same instant the lad felt his hand pressed. "He is squeezing my hand!" he cried.

The doctor bent over him a moment, then slowly arose; thereon the sister detached a crucifix from the wall.

"He is dead!" cried the boy.

"Go, child," said the doctor. "Thy holy work is finished. Go thy way, and may the good fortune thou hast well earned attend thee. Heaven will protect thee. Addio!"

The nun, who had left them for a moment, returned with a bunch of violets in her hand, which she had taken from the glass by the window. Handing them to the boy, she said, "I have nothing to give thee but these. Take them in remembrance of the hospital."

"Thank you," he replied, taking them with one hand, and wiping his eyes with the other. "But I have a long journey before me. They would only die on the road. Then loosening the string, he scattered the violets on the bed, saying, "I'll leave them as a remembrance of my poor dead man. Thank you, sister; thank you, doctor." Then turning to the dead man, he cried, "Addio!" and whilst seeking in his mind for a name to give him, there arose from the heart to the lips that sweet name he had called him by for the last five days—"Addio, povero tata!"

Then, taking his bundle under his arm, with slow steps, and utterly broken down with fatigue, he wended his way homewards. The day was just dawning.



SOME LANCASHIRE CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS.

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

IF we would find the unadulterated Lancashire character, we must seek for it on and near to the eastern borders of the county, where the latter joins up to the West Riding of Yorkshire. Roughly, a line drawn from Manchester in the south, through Bolton and Blackburn, and terminating at Clitheroe in the north, will cut a slice out of the County Palatine equal, on the eastward side of this line, to about one-third of its whole area; and it is in this portion that the purest breed of Lancashire men and women will be found. A more circumscribed area still, embracing Oldham, Bury, Rochdale, the Rossendale Valley, and the country beyond to Burnley and Colne, contains in large proportion the choicest examples of Lancashire people, and it is within this narrower limit that John Collier (*Ti a Bobbin*) first of all, then Oliver Ormerod (with whom I was well acquainted in the fifties), and later, Waugh, Brierley, and other writers in the vernacular, have placed the scenes of their stories and sketches, and found the best and most original of their characters. The authors I have specifically named are themselves good examples of that character — Waugh

paramountly so—distinguished as they are by a kindly hard-headedness, a droll and often broad wit, which exhibits itself not only in the quality of their writings, but also in their modes of expression, and a blending in their nature of the humorous with the pathetic, lending pungency and naturalness and charm to their best work.

The peculiarities to which I have referred are due to what in times past was the retiredness of this belt of the county; its isolation; its comparative inaccessibility; its immunity from invasion. As the coast of any country is approached the breed of the inhabitants will be found to become more and more mixed, losing, to a large extent, its distinctive characteristics; and it is only by an incursion into the interior that the unadulterated aborigines are found in their native purity. Here, these conditions no longer exist with anything like the old force, excepting, it may be, in some obscure nook out of sound of the locomotive whistle, and of these there are still a few left, though not many. The old barriers of time and distance have been obliterated. The means of and incentives to migration have become so easy and great that our "Besom Bens" and "Ab-o'th'-Yates" are grown as scarce as spade guineas, or as the wild roses in our Lancashire hedges, and will ere long exist only in the pages of our native humorists.

We owe ungrudging thanks to the writers in the vernacular for the treasures with which, during the last thirty or forty years, they have adorned our Lancashire literature; for having taught us so much of homely wisdom in the quaint tongue of our people, and shown us how rich in resource is the dialect of the county. They have compacted and crystallized its proverbs and phrases, and opened up to us, in wider measure than we previously knew, the bright common sense and humour that are enshrined within it, proving how capable it is of giving

expression to the natural affections. It is only of comparatively recent years that we have been able to appreciate the wealth of the dialect in these respects. All the material was in existence before, but it needed the cunning hand of the master to make literature of it ; to weave up the warp and woof, and present them to us in an embodied form. A good deal of the humour of our Lancashire writers is of the rollicking kind, no doubt. It does not always belong to the school of high culture. But they have given us the characters true to the life, and he is a fastidious critic or worse who would prefer a counterfeit presentment to the genuine portrait.

These thoughts occurred to me in cogitating over the subject of the Lancashire character, and I could not help giving expression to them, though perhaps they may be considered somewhat foreign to the present contribution, which consists, for the most part, of odd incidents that have either been related to me or have come under my own observation, and which I have strung together on a slender thread in random fashion.

In the course of a lifetime spent chiefly in Lancashire, I have come in contact with many of its odd characters. In the Rossendale district especially, with which I have been familiar for many years, I knew some of the quaint old inhabitants long since passed away, whose remarks, as well as their reminiscences recounted to me, interested and amused me, and some of which I have been trying to recall.

From a considerable acquaintance with Waugh's writings I have observed that, in his prose sketches, wherever his references to Rossendale occur, they are in his choicest pieces. The very mention of the name seems to open up within his mind a fine vein of poetic inspiration which is reflected on the page. For example, in his sketch of

"Dulesgate" and in "The Old Fiddler," in his "Letters written during the Cotton Famine," where he speaks of the "Deighn Layrocks," in "The Barrel Organ," and others.

It must be admitted, however, that the old charms of rurality and originality as I once knew them are now less felt in Rossendale. The narrow valley is crowded with mills and houses, the smoke of whose chimneys pollutes the atmosphere; and from a rural community with its peculiar officers and quaint old-world customs, it has been parcelled out into a couple of gawky boroughs, whose legs and arms, long and lanky, are out of proportion to the body to which they respectively belong. Some years ago, also, there were imported into the district, to meet the exigencies of the cotton trade, a large number of families from the south country, and this element—I am not speaking disparagingly of it—has necessarily had its effect in modifying the character of the inhabitants.

Bull-baiting was formerly a common sport in Rossendale, as in other parts of the country. A stake was fixed in the centre of the baiting ground, to which the bull was tethered by a rope, when its canine tormentors were let loose upon it, amidst the yelling of a brutalised mob. I once, curiously enough, in my own experience, met with an example of the actual memory of the pastime having survived to a recent date. An old Rossendale man one day attended a camp meeting held in a field at Sharneystord, some distance away, and on afterwards enquiring if he got to the meeting in time, "Yea," was his reply, "I geet theer just as they were teein' th' bull to th' stake," meaning that the preacher was just about opening the services. Rossendale was by no means singular in its relish for this degrading practice. The late John Harland, in his introduction to the "Manchester Court Leet

Records," recounts the fact that in Manchester in former times, amongst the heaviest fines, or, as they were called, "amergements," on the butchers, were those for selling bull-beef, the bull not having been previously baited to make the flesh tender enough for human food! A significant commentary this on the morals and civilization of our forefathers.

To the introduction of water and steam power machinery, in the earlier part of the century, there were no stronger or more bitter opponents than the Rossendale folks. In the early days, in many of the larger houses were hand machines for the carding, spinning, and weaving of woollen, whilst nearly every one of the smaller houses had its hand-loom; and when the factory system began to be introduced into the district, and water-power was employed in turning the machinery, the strong prejudices of the inhabitants found vent in the form of a prayer, which, in seasons of drought, ran thus:—

The Lord send rain to till the ground,
But not to turn the engines round!

The woollen carding engines are here referred to, these being put in motion by the water-wheel. But times of extreme drought in Rossendale are not of frequent occurrence. The hills bring down the rain, and in the "Barley times," as the famine times at the beginning of the century were called, the people had a saying that there was "plenty of porridge-wayter in Rossendale, if there wur only th' meal to put into it."

Hareholme Mill, in the Rossendale Valley, was one of the first mills, as well as the most important mill in the district. It belonged to a Quaker firm, and was built at the end of last century. The chimney of this mill, which was erected at a later date, is a curiosity. It resembles a champagne bottle, with its broad base quickly gathered in

near the centre, and tapering to the summit. The cap of the structure is an exact copy of a Quaker's broad-brimmed hat, without doubt intended by the humorist of a builder to exemplify the religious tenets of the members of the firm. The ram, typical of the woollen manufacture, which surmounts the belfry, was executed by an ingenious workman named John Nuttall, and bears an admirable likeness to the original. An architect from a neighbouring town, criticising it freely, and trying to display his superior taste, expressed the opinion that the model of the ram, as designed, was all very well done, excepting the horns; whereupon Nuttall naïvely replied that "whatever the merits of the body of the animal, the horns were just as God had made them." As a matter of fact, they were an actual pair of ram's horns that he had used.

The power-loom breaking riots of 1826 are another exemplification of the bitter feelings that were evoked by the application of steam power to the turning of machinery. The rioters in Rossendale made havoc with the new-fangled looms, which they believed would ruin their trade as hand-loom weavers, and take the bread out of their mouths. Their mode of procedure on attacking a mill was to place a guard outside, then the ringleaders entered; first they cut out the warps and destroyed the reeds and healds, and then with a few well-aimed blows they demolished the looms. On the cry being raised, "The soldiers are coming!" one old fellow cried out, "Never mind, lads, we met as weel be shot by th' soudiers as be clemmed by th' maisters."

I have mentioned this circumstance by way of introducing "Long George," the constable of Bacup during those disturbed times, an eccentric character, whom I knew well. George stood six feet two inches in his stockings, hence the prefix "long" to his name. It was

but little that George and his myrmidons could do to prevent the mischief, and so, with the instinctive sagacity of the "Watch," they wisely kept aloof from the scenes of outrage and spoliation. "Long George" was a familiar figure in Bacup for many years after being superseded in his duties of constable by the police as we now have them. At the beginning of his time, when he was village constable, he lived in Lane Head Lane. On one wintry night, cold and stormy, the snow drifting heavily—a night when folk could hardly keep their nightcaps from being blown off—some young fellows determined they would play a trick on George. So they waited until they knew he had got well into bed, and then they went up to his house in the lane and thundered at the door. George got up and put his head out of the window, and saw two or three snow-covered figures down below. "Whatever dun yo want, chaps, at this time o' neet?" he called out. One of them shouted back in reply, "George, yo're wanted down at th' Dragon yonder, first thing!" "What's th' matter, theer?" asked George. "There's about twenty of 'em yonder feighting a' of a rook, and if tha' doesn't look sharp and come down and sunder 'em, there'll be one half on 'em kilt!" But George was not to be caught as easily as they imagined—he saw through the trick that was attempted to be played on him—and, ruminating for a moment, answered, "I'll tell yo what yo maun do, chaps." "What maun we do, George?" they asked. "Go yor ways back to th' Dragon," said George, "and lay 'em out on th' tables, as mony on 'em as gets kilt, an' i' th' morning I'll come down an' count 'em;" and with that he crashed the window down again, leaving the discomfited jokers to find their way back to the bar-parlour of the Dragon as best they might.

Latterly George did duty as a bailiff, attending auction

sales, keeping the door, and handing the drink round to the thirsty bidders. He wore a blue coat with metal buttons, knee breeches and brown stockings, with a pair of clogs at least fourteen inches in length and a sole an inch and a half thick. He was also adorned with a blue apron, which was usually tucked round his waist, and he wore for years an old felt hat that had scarce a vestige of brim left. George, when I knew him, lodged with two elderly maiden sisters, Ann-o'th'-Kiln and Judie, but he kept his own room in order, and did his own cooking.

One evening George's supper was on the fire, and some practical jokers, being on the look out, attracted his attention outside, whilst one of them slipped in and emptied a cupful of salt into the pot. George, on sitting down to his evening meal, found the porridge so over-seasoned that it was impossible to eat it. He tried again and again, muttering to himself, "Thae'll ha' to come to 't, George!" But it was of no use, he had to give it up at last. Determined, however, that it should not be thrown away or otherwise wasted, he got a pudding cloth and tying it up in this, hung it from the ceiling of his room, and instead thereafter of salting his porridge in the usual way, he cut a slice from the oversalted compound as long as it lasted and put it in the pot, so saving both salt and oatmeal.

Somewhat akin to this display of frugality was the action of some of the first co-operators in Bacup. They early followed the example of the Rochdale Pioneers, their society being established in the year 1847. They had a good deal to learn in those days, and made mistakes in buying. One of the mistakes, I remember, was the purchase of a small cargo of Dutch or American cheeses. These, when they came to hand, proved to be so hard that a knife blade stood no chance with them. They were

more like young grindlestones (as one of them expressed it) than cheeses. What was to be done? It would never do to throw them away—that was out of the question. So Abram-o'-Bob's, who was equal to the emergency, brought his handsaw one night, and divided them out into a number of saleable pieces. When cut, they had the appearance of brown ivory, and were nearly as hard. There must have been some aching teeth and jaws before those same cheeses were finally polished off!

I was amused with a remark made on one occasion by an old fellow best known by the sobriquet of "Jobber Pilling's Feyther." He had a two-foot rule, and was trying to take the dimensions of a deal board on which he was at work. The figures on his two-foot, however, were quite illegible, by reason of the blade being either soiled or worn. Spitting on it, and giving it a rub with his coat sleeve, he looked shrewdly at me and remarked, "This thing wants kestnin' o'er again." Whether he meant that the application of water would improve it, or that the figures would do with re-cutting, I don't just know, but the christening simile would be applicable either way. By the way, we often find in Lancashire the sons and daughters having the names of their fathers and mothers applied to them by way of recognition along with their own—as, for example, "George o' Bob's," "Dick o' Owd Sally's," "Bill o' Jack's," and so on, but this is the only instance I remember of the father being distinguished by a reference to the son. Jobber Pilling, the son, was the more pronounced character in the family, and so the elder representative of the name was known as "Jobber Pilling's Feyther."

When people are reputed to be wealthy, and especially if they make a parade of their wealth, it is sometimes said in the vernacular that "they fair stinken o' brass." Vulgar

as is this phrase, it has the true Chaucerian ring about it. You might almost take it to be a quotation from the "Canterbury Tales." For expressiveness and force it cannot be surpassed. The stories that are told of some of the wealthy inhabitants of Rossendale are curious and amusing.

"Same as yo, Maister George," has become a classic saying. It originated thus: The occasion was the election of a Poor-law Guardian, an exciting event when political parties—Whig and Tory—brought out their candidates, and put forth their strength in the contest. Political feeling ran high then, as now, and Guardians were elected on the colour of their politics, quite independently of their special fitness for the position. George Hargreaves, Esq., J.P., was the ruling Tory spirit in the very heart of the Rossendale Valley in bygone years, a man of the staunchest integrity and blameless life, but Tory to the backbone. The voters, many of whom were dependent on him in various ways because he was a man of property and an employer of labour, were crowding into the schoolroom to record their votes, George himself marshalling his partizans, and scanning the faces of doubtful supporters. "Who are you voting for, Sam?" spoke out Mr. H., to a sturdy Rossendalean elbowing his way among the crowd. "Same as yo', Maister George," answered Sam, with a nod, "same as yo'," and "Maister George" nodded back with a gratified smile. So it is "Same as yo', Maister George," when the opinions of any present day political or other weak-backed inhabitant are in question.

A number of stories are told of Mr. John Brooks, of Sunnyside. Sam Brooks, the well-known Manchester banker, and John were brothers. The family came originally from Whalley. One of the stories I have heard is too good to be lost. When the Act of incorporation was obtained, and govern-

ment by a municipality was first introduced into Manchester, it is said that John Brooks was asked to stand as a Town Councillor or Alderman. Being doubtful as to the expediency of taking such a step, he promised to consult his brother Sam and be guided by his advice. Accordingly, he spoke to Sam on the subject, informing him that he (John) had been asked to take office as a new-fangled Town Councillor; what did he think of it, would it be wise and prudent for him to agree to the request? "Will they pay you for it?" enquired Sammy, with a quick, interrogative glance at his brother. "Oh, no!" John replied, "there'll be no pay for th' job—nothing for it but the honour of the position." "Humph! honour be hanged," responded Sammy. "Let me gi'e thee a bit of advice, John; whenever tha' does ought for nought, do it for theasel'!"

Reverting again to hand-loom days, and stepping over, by Sharneystford and Tooter Hill, the high ridges separating Rossendale from the Todmorden Valley, by way of Dulesgate, where Waugh assisted at the poker-weighing, we may encounter some of the finest examples of Lancashire and Yorkshire border character, their conversation overflowing with mother wit and ready repartee. One old dame, recounting the struggles of poor folk in the days when there was plenty of law but a sad lack of justice dealt out to the workers, and describing the kind of men and their servants that held the noses of the poor to the grind-stone, while they themselves were laying the foundations of big fortunes, spoke thus: "Yei, it wur hard wark for poor folk i' thoose days. We geet sixpence a cut for weyving cuts, and in a whool week, working long hours, we couldna get through moore nor about nine or ten cuts—for they were twenty yards long apiece. That would mak' five shillings a week at moast; and when we had finished

'em we had to carry 'em on our backs two or three mile to th' taker-in. I con remember my owd mon once takin' his cuts in, and he had tramped through th' weet and snow on a cowd winter's morning, and when he had gettin' his cuts passed by th' taker-in, he axed him if he would gie him a penny to buy a penny moufin to eat as he wur goin' back whoam. But th' taker-in said to him: 'Eh, mon! if I wur to gie thee a penny, it would be giein' thee a' th' profit 'at our maisters get fro' a cut (whereas at the time they were probably making a clear guinea by each of them)! They're nearly working at a loss now by every cut yor weyving. No, it'll never do to gie thee pennies i' that reckless way, Jone!' It wur hard wark i' thoose days, I con tell thi, to get porritch and skim milk twice a day, wi' happen a bit o' bacon o' Sundays. Once I had to go fro' near to Stoodley Pike, across Langfield Moor, wi' my cuts. It wur a raw, cowd mornin', very early—before it wur gradely leet; an' when I geet to the taker-in—eh, an' they wur hard 'uns wur thoose takers-in!—he says, 'Hello! are you here so soon, Betty? Wurn't you fleyed o' meetin' th' deil this mornin' as you coom across Langfield Moor?' I said, 'Nowt o' th' soart! I wur noan feart o' meetin' th' deil up o' th' moor, for I knew th' hangments weel that I'd find th' deil when I geet here!'"

Saving habits, to a much greater extent than prevails in large towns, are a characteristic of the working people in these outlying and semi-rural districts. This is accounted for to some extent by the absence of temptation to the spending of money, and so the habit of thrift gains strength by the daily practice of it, just as the opposite holds good where the opportunities for squandering money and the temptations to do so are multiplied. By reason also of the comparative isolation, a more marked simplicity of character is observable among the people. Rambling with a

friend over the moors above Walsden, we called at a lonely farmhouse to obtain such refreshments with bread and cheese as the good-wife might be able to provide. With as much gravity as he could command, my friend enquired of the damsels who waited on us, at what hour the theatre opened up there. She hesitated for a moment, as though trying to realise the idea of a theatre, and then, with equal gravity and greater sincerity, explained that there was no theatre in their locality, though occasionally, in the school-room, some mile and a half distant, they had penny readings in the winter, and at times a missionary meeting.

The theatre is a luxury in which they do not care to indulge very largely. It may be that the matter-of-fact qualities of their minds have been cultivated at the expense of the imagination, like those of the youth to whom I lent a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," recommending him to read it. When he brought it back, I asked him how he had enjoyed the book. His answer was scarcely what I expected, and it was spoken in a contemptuous tone. "Why," says he, "it's nobbut a dreyam!"

Chancing to be in London one evening, and going along the Strand, I came across two old Lancashire acquaintances—working men—sauntering in the opposite direction. They had come up on a three days' cheap trip to view the sights of the metropolis. Desiring to be of assistance to them in that direction, and to make myself agreeable, I invited them to go with me to one of the theatres. This proposal, however, did not seem to attract them—the theatre was hardly in their line, so by way of alternative I suggested that they should accompany me to the "Cogers' Hall" at the bottom of Fleet Street, and listen to a political discussion. This suggestion they eagerly accepted, and, strolling along, we shortly found ourselves snugly ensconced in the discussion forum, each

in an arm-chair, a pint of stout in a pewter on the table in front of each of us, and long clay pipes in our mouths. The subject of the evening was some burning political question, and the discussion went on with great animation. I saw that my friends were enjoying it immensely. At length, nudging one of them, I enquired, "How do you like it, Jim?" Taking his pipe from between his teeth, his face beaming with a kind of solemn satisfaction, "Like it!" he replied, "it's same as bein' i' heaven!" He had, in fact, attained to the very acme of enjoyment, comfortably seated in his chair, enjoying his pipe, his sense of hearing charmed by the orators' well-turned periods, and, as he expressed it, "he could sup when he'd a mind." I have often seen my friends since then, and I find that that evening spent in the discussion room at "Cogers' Hall" is marked with a red letter in their memory.

In one of the hamlets lying beyond Todmorden, in the Burnley Valley, there was a curious specimen of the Lancashire border character, Hiram Fielden, who kept a grocer's shop, and dealt also in the other commodities expected to be enquired for by a village community. In his younger days Hiram had been a cotton weaver in a mill, but his ambition was to save a little money, get married, and open a "badger's shop." By the exercise of great frugality, along with the help of the savings which his wife Betty brought him, he achieved his purpose. He began business in a humble way at first, but gradually, as his customers increased, his business grew, and instead of continuing to vend treacle from a two-gallon can, he at length ventured on giving an order for a whole hogshead at once. The arrival of this consignment created quite a sensation in the village—the like had never been seen there before—and the urchins who watched the process of unloading the precious cask, and saw it safely deposited end up in the

corner of the store, smacked their lips as their imagination pictured the luscious reservoir of sweets. In the course of the day a further consignment—this time of whitewash brushes—arrived, and Betty, mounting a chair in the corner, and thence stepping on to the top of the treacle barrel, was just in the act of hanging the brushes on the hook in the ceiling, when the barrel end gave way underneath her, and down she flopped up to the armpits into the syrupy mass! Hiram, who was busy at the back of the shop, hearing the crash, hurried in to ascertain the cause, and stood for a few moments gazing in consternation at the head of his better-half barely visible above the barrel edge. What was to be done? Ruin and disgrace and ridicule stared him in the face! but with great presence of mind he ran to the shop door, closed it, shot the bolt, and then drew down the window-blind. Mounting the barrel, and securing a footing on its edge, he succeeded, by the help of a clothes-line, which he looped on to the hook overhead, and which she stoutly grasped, in gradually extricating Betty from her savoury bath. Carefully he stroked the treacle from her as she rose ceiling-wards, and that no loss of the merchandise might ensue, at the same time wiping her down with a cloth dipped in a bucket of water, and thus all traces of Betty's misadventure were soon obliterated, and nobody but themselves any the wiser.

Hiram, in recounting the circumstance to me, confidentially, after long years had elapsed, declared that the run on that hogshead of treacle was immense. It was relished by his customers old and young, and was the occasion of more oatmeal being consumed in the village than had ever been previously known, so that what at first appeared to Hiram to be an irretrievable misfortune turned out profitable in more ways than one. "Eh! but mon," said Hiram, shaking his head, and with a solemn countenance, "that

hogshead o' treacle wur t' ruination o' me!" "Ruination!" I exclaimed, in puzzled surprise. "How do you mean?" "Well, yo' see, me and our Betty had been wed for three yer, and up to then we'd had no childer, but hoo began fro' that time forrud, and never once stopped till hoo had thirteen! Eh! that barrel o' treacle wur t' ruination o' me!"





A MENU FROM SHAKESPEARE.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

"Bare imagination of a feast."—*Richard II.*

THE works of Shakespeare, like the Salisbury Cathedrals in Mr. Pecksniff's office, have been studied from many points of view, and here is yet another novel prospect and source of inspiration. It is not from the empyrean, where the lofty soul of the most intellectual transcendentalist loves to gaze in silentest solitude through the murk below upon the "troublous of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns." No, we have need of physical as well as spiritual refreshment; let us therefore descend for a time into the dining-room, whence we may spy upon the teeming abundance of the larder.

SOUPS.

Imogen, queen's daughter though she was, knew the value of neat cookery; and had therefore acquired some distinction in that art as well as in her life. When, in man's attire, she lived in the forest with her brothers, they, not knowing her, remarked, "He cut our roots in characters, and sauced our broths as Juno had been sick and he her dieter." (*Cymbeline*, Act IV. sc. 2). High praise indeed! What wonder, if such women as she cooked for the English, that the French Constable, on the verge of defeat, exclaimed, "Can sodden water, their barley broth, decoct their blood

to such a valiant heat?" (*Henry V.*, Act III. sc. 5). And, on the contrary, how could Macbeth avoid disaster when he had for lady helpers the "secret, black, and midnight hags" who concocted such a vile mess of pottage as that with which he found them busy? and who, when he asked the question, "What is't you do?" were so ashamed of their production that they replied, "A deed without a name" (*Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. 1).

FISH.

Pistol the valiant, after his ignominious dismissal from the service of Falstaff, pompously exclaimed, "Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. 2). The "treasure of an oyster" obtained by Alexas for Cleopatra (*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. sc. 5) was, one might fancy, bought from some ancestress of the "oyster wench," to whom Hereford doffed his bonnet (*Richard II.*, Act I. sc. 4), and who, no doubt, dealt also in "fresh brook mussels," such as those gathered in Prospero's Isle (*Tempest*, Act I. sc. 2), and "crabs" that walked backwards, as Hamlet thought (*Hamlet*, Act II. sc. 2). Herring are plentiful. We are told of the stealing of a cade of herrings by Jack, of that ilk (*2 Henry VI.*, Act IV. sc. 2). Their commonness was their curse. Sir Toby, probably nauseated, grumbled "a plague o' these pickle-herring" (*Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. 5). Further contempt was heaped upon them by Olivia's clown, who suggestively muttered between his teeth, "fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings" (Act III. sc. 1); whilst Falstaff, in disgust with the world in general, likened himself and his bad luck to "a shotten herring" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4); and Thersites sneered of "a herring without a roe" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. 1). On account of their sickening

abundance they do not seem to have "pleased the million," and in that sense may be said to have been "caviare to the general" (*Hamlet*, Act II. sc. 2). Falstaff had nothing but scorn for "stockfish" and "mackerel," to which, in an apoplectic state of excitement he once applied the unseemly epithet "stinking" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). He looked upon "gurnet" as an inferior diet, for he contemned it, "If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, then I am a soused gurnet" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 2); but a fondness for "conger and fennel" he held to "show a weak mind and an able body" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). In general, he abhorred many fish meals, as "over cooling to the blood" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 3). He was, however, partial to "anchovies," as a provocative of thirst (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4), and had once a strong desire for "a dish of prawns," which he did not get, because mine hostess of the Eastcheap Tavern told him "they were ill for a green wound" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 1); a wound which he had then recently received "upon Wednesday, in Wheeson week, when the prince broke his head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor." "Sprats" were also a despised fish, probably on account of their wealth of bone and poverty of flesh; for Parolles, a man of brave language and infinitesimal action, was compared to one (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act III., sc. 6); and to facilitate rhyme, Hercules in boyhood was called a "shrimp" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. 2). Iago, also in a simile, used fish as a comparison, for he said of a deserving woman—

"She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail."

(*Othello*, Act II. sc. 1). "Salt fish is an old coat," observed Mr. Justice Shallow (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 1), alluding no doubt to its appearing on the table when

fresher fish was unobtainable; and by way of adding point to the joke played by Cleopatra on Antony when fishing in the Nilus, it was a *salt* fish that her diver fastened on the triumvir's hook (*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 5). "The luce is the fresh fish," the learned Shallow explained to Parson Evans, who had fixed his ideas on the "louse," which was "a familiar beast to man, and signifies love" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 1). Parson Hugh would not have been so widely mistaken if the fish in question had been the "tench" or the "loach." One of the Rochester carriers, previous to his departure from the inn upon that journey wherein he was robbed by the Falstaff gang, complained of the accommodation: "I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas. I am stung like a tench." "Like a tench," replied his companion; "by the mass, there is ne'er a king in christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock." "Why," added the former, "they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 1). "Gudgeon" was a fish particularly fresh and deserving of Gratiano's epithet, "fool gudgeon" (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. 1), if it was at all like the "trout that must be caught with tickling," to which Maria likened the supercilious Malvolio (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. 5); and "carp" was evidently a fish out of favour, being characterised as a "poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave" (*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act V. sc. 2). Falstaff, eager for Shallow's savings, and cogitating upon some fishy method of obtaining them, said of him, "If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act III. sc. 2). He would not have been a very big mouthful for the fat rogue, because "you might have thrust him

and all his apparel into an eelskin." This reminds us of what Lear's fool said "the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive ; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried ' Down, wantons, down ! ' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay" (*King Lear*, Act II. sc. 4); and the horse would have no cause for complaint if that food were as acceptable to it as "a fish of fortune's buttering" is to us human animals (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act V. sc. 2).

FOWLS.

Falstaff's appetite for capons was abnormal. He was asked by Prince Hal, wherein he was "neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and to eat it?" His exchequer (if he had had one) would have suffered immensely from this inroad of capons, as they were priced at 2s. 2d. each; and being necessarily accompanied by dishes of sauce and draughts of sack, required additional draughts of cash—or credit—mostly credit, that being more plentiful with him, in fact constituting the whole of his fortune (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). Poins, indeed, went so far as to say that Falstaff sold his soul to the Devil "on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act I. sc. 2). If he had been as dainty about sparrows, which he might have had at the nominal rate of "nine for a penny" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. 1), or of "chickens—in the shell" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. sc. 2), or had he "lov'd quails," as "Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough," did (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act V., 1), instead of his "means being slender and his waste great," his wishes that his "means were greater" and his "waist slenderer" would have bid fair to become actual facts (*2 Henry IV.*, Act I. sc. 2). When he waylaid the travellers on Gadshill he unfortunately had no time to record his spoil, because, being

(for obvious reasons concerning Prince Hal and Poins) in a hurry to get back to London, he left it all behind him. This is somewhat to be regretted, as it would have been interesting to know if he captured the "turkeys" that one of the carriers said he had in his pannier and candidly admitted to be "quite starved" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 1). Perhaps for that reason they were not worthy his attention; and it is hardly probable that such a connoisseur of crapulence as he mistook them for "wild ducks," to which, at the moment of his success, and immediate failure to profit by it, he compared Poins for his lack of valour (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 2). His cunning was never better proved than on his visit to Robert Shallow, Esq., J.P. for the county of Gloucester, at whose house he persistently refused to stay overnight, until the dinner promised to be worthy of his attention. But then, with seeming reluctance, he allowed himself to be persuaded, more especially as, besides lining for his stomach, he had hopes of obtaining lining for his purse. At this repast "young pigeons and a couple of short-legged hens" were pieces of resistance (*2 Henry IV.*, Act V. sc. 1).

Benedick had a taste for partridges, for Beatrice, who knew him so well, said that a quip of his "not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into a melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night" (*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. sc. 1). Claudio, on being challenged by him to a duel, sneered at him as a "woodcock," "which, if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught" (*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act V. sc. 1).

The goose, as might be expected, affords a full-bodied subject for much pleasantry, in which, as Mercutio observed, "wit is a very bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce;" "and is it not," asked Romeo, "well served in to a sweet

goose?" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. 4). Pandarus mentioned a "galled goose of Winchester" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. 10), and this affords some clue to the truth of the saying that that place is the oldest corporate town in England, seeing that it was contemporary with Troy. Old Gobbo, simple as he seemed, was somewhat of a philosopher, as exemplified by his intention to gain for his son the goodwill of his master, Shylock, by a present of "a dish of doves." That dish, however, found its way to Bassanio's table (*Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. 2), at which Master Launcelot was thenceforth a server, and no doubt it effected its purpose; for, "to eat nothing but doves breeds love," observed Paris to Helen (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act III. sc. 1). Perdita's clown was, like old Gobbo, a firm believer in the propitiatory value of something comestible. The Shepherd, saying he was going to the King, Autolycus asked (with a view to making a commission out of the business) if he had an advocate, and was answered by the Shepherd, "I know not," whereupon our wise clown explained that "advocate's the court word for a pheasant" (*Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. 4). He knew that "cates" meant creature comforts, and (quite logically for him) surmised that any word containing that syllable could have reference to nothing but the festal board. However fallacious his logic, his common sense was not at fault, for a fat pheasant is a gift that even a king would not despise,

ENTRÉES.

Master Page was a wise host, and his cunningly-worded invitation to dinner an ensample of his far-sighted intelligence, owing to the difficulty of meeting it with a refusal politely. "Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness" (*Merry Wives*

of Windsor, Act I., sc. 1). In contradistinction to this Benedick's invitation to Claudio was of the sternest, swords being the carvers and men the meat; but it was even more embarrassing to refuse. Claudio, however, was in the humour to accept. "I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and capon" (*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act V. sc. 1). Christopher Sly's "foul spirit" was fully exemplified by his unmannerly way of refusing to partake of refreshment: "I am Christopher Sly, call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship.' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef" (*Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, sc. 2).

Those who came off second best after playing with edged tools were compared with "carbonadoes," meat scotched for broiling. Falstaff, during the battle of Shrewsbury, observed, "Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me" (*1 Henry IV*, Act V, sc. 4). Coriolanus, who, in the words of the Volscian general's servants "thwacked" that individual, was said to have "scotched him and notched him like a carbonado" (*Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. 5); and the Earl of Kent threatened to carbonado the shanks of Oswald, "a knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats," in the service of Lear's degenerate daughter, Goneril (*King Lear*, Act II, sc. 2). Falstaff, hodge-podge though he was, in a facetious moment, likened himself to a "rabbit-sucker, or a poultier's hare," and the Prince to a "dried neat's-tongue" (*1 Henry IV*, Act II. sc. 4); and Don Armado, a man than whom no greater contrast to Falstaff could be found; a man whose physiology exhibited many points where Falstaff showed none, was also compared, when he had his arms crossed on his thin-belly doublet, to "a rabbit on a spit" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. 1), too shrivelled even to be filled out

with a stuffing of parsley (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. 5). Mercutio, full of witty similes, said of Juliet's nurse that she was "a hare in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. 4).

ROAST JOINTS.

Prince Hal, of a correspondingly mercurial temperament to Mercutio, had a large butt for his wit to play upon, as exemplified in the string of epithets he shot at Falstaff, amongst others, "that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly," being noteworthy (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). Truly Gargantuan was that roasted ox; though it was surpassed in extravagance by the "eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast" which Cleopatra gave, "and but twelve persons there" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. 2). Even this prodigal banquet Enobarbus said "was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting." A pity that it was not so memorised! "What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?" asked Grumio, of the half famished Shrew. "A dish that I do love to feed upon," she replied (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. 3). In this she agreed with Nicholas Bottom, the weaver, who, to express the qualities of the "roast beef of old England," gave it praise higher even than the epithet of knighthood it once received. He observed to Master Mustard-seed that—"Giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. 1). Beef does not seem, however, to have been as good for the mind as for the body, for Thersites called Ajax "beef-witted" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. 1), a term meaning, according to Sir Andrew Aguecheek's definition, "I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit." "No doubt," senten-

tiously added Sir Toby (*Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. 3). However Sir Andrew might be wanting in nimbleness of spirit, he boasted of his suppleness of limb. "Faith, I can cut a caper;" and Sir Toby, ever with an eye to the most substantial forage, bettered it by saying, "And I can cut the mutton to 't" (*Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. 3). Mutton itself cut capers about the room when Petruchio observed with unnecessary emphasis that it was burnt (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. 1), and Katharine, after being disappointed in her expectation to eat of it, was further chagrined by her taste for a "neat's foot" and a "fat tripe finely broil'd" being consulted, and the meat withheld. A "joint of mutton" was a standing dish at Justice Shallow's, and a favourite with Falstaff, who, even on fast days, had it at Mistress Quickly's tavern, and then observed that she would be damned for suffering flesh to be eaten in her house contrary to law, "for the which I think thou wilt howl." She did not seem to mind: "All virtuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?" (*2 Henry IV*, Act II. sc. 4). Lucio, Falstaff's own counterpart in lies and lechery, similarly observed of (and unwittingly to) the Duke of Vienna, that "the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so" (*Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. 2).

While at Shallow's, Falstaff, it seems, went hunting the justice's deer on the sly; for when they met in Windsor at the house of Master Page, to whom Shallow had sent a gift of venison which he said "had been ill-killed," there was a quarrel, Shallow accusing Falstaff—"You have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge." Eventually, however, strange as it may appear, their differences were patched up over the very cause thereof (*Merry*

Wives of Windsor, Act I. sc. 1). That pleasant urging to dinner that Dromio of Ephesus gave to Antipholus of Syracuse—"the capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, the clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell" (*Comedy of Errors*, Act I. sc. 2)—would have had no charms for the ear and palate of Shylock, who so curtly refused Bassanio's kindly overture of friendliness: "Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into." His cannibal taste was too strong, and satiable with nothing but man's flesh, in spite of his prevaricating repudiation of such an idea: "A pound of man's flesh taken from a man, is not so estimable, profitable neither, as flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats" (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. 3). In that spring comedy, where the fancies of four young men at first turn unwillingly to thoughts of study, and suddenly veer lightly to thoughts of love, and longing looks to the teaching of beauty in a woman's eyes, Boyet complimented Maria as a "sweet lamb" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. sc. 1); and Katharine, in a similar way, slyly poked fun at Longaville by styling him "Veal. Is not veal a calf?" This seems to have been in reference to his love for her, which, though not by any means distasteful, she hinted at as of a calf-like nature (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. 2).

VEGETABLES.

Anne Page, on the other hand, was so horrified by the idea of love—that is, that of Dr. Caius—that, rather than marry him, she wished to "be set quick i' the earth and bowled to death with turnips" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. sc. 4)—a death as horrible as occasionally happened to those engaged in that dreadful trade the gathering of "samphire" (*King Lear*, Act IV. sc. 6). Falstaff, the Ajax of guttling, unconsciously imitated his prototype in a certain celebrated defiance. At black midnight, alone,

under the oak haunted by Herne the demon huntsman, in the realm of—

“ Fairies black, grey, green, and white,
Moonshine revellers and shades of night.”

with none to aid (except Mistress Page and Mistress Ford), he laughed to scorn the impossible. “ Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.” But in spite of this bombast, he was “ pinched as blue as bilberries ” (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. sc. 5). The eringoes mentioned here have been described as allied to the artichoke, and cooked in a similar manner. But the artichoke belongs to the *Cynara* species, while the eringo is really the *Eryngium*—the sea-holly—the roots of which boiled in sugar and candied formed an agreeable aromatic sweetmeat.

One of Falstaff’s valiant bottle-friends, Ancient Pistol, was equally cruelly fated with his master. After being preserved unscathed through wars and battles—at a safe distance rearward in the canteen wagons—and having come unharmed out of the very midst of the reeking carnage and cursory warfare of tavern brawls, it was only to have his digestion, his spirits, and his head broken by a dish of strong full-flavoured leeks, heightened by the addition of a sauce consisting of sundry smacks in the brain pan with a stout ash cudgel, administered by the vigorous arm of a justly irate Welsh captain (*Henry V.*, Act V. sc. 1). Falstaff detested cabbage. In a heated mood, annoyed by an interruption of Parson Evans, “ *Pauca verba!* Sir John! goot worts! ” “ Good worts! good cabbage! ” he exclaimed, punningly, but in a tone implying that the adjective was sarcastic, and that cabbage was garbage. (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 1). When

Master Page's son and heir, William, was examined by the Welsh parson to show to his proud mother the extent and variety of his learning, and to exhibit his "goot sprag memory," one of the questions asked about the Latin pronoun "hic" was "What is the locative case, William?" to which William answered in child-like way, "O, vocativo, O," and Parson Evans added, to signify the locative's absence, "Remember, William, locative is caret." "And that's a good root," interrupted Dame Quickly.

Bottom and his companions seem to have been vegetarians not from choice, but lack of it. When he announced to his stage-stricken fellow amateurs that their play was preferred, he said, "Most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. sc. 2). And earlier, when he was the victim of Puck's joke, he expressed a fondness for an asinine diet "of provender. I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow." And again, "I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. sc. 1). Since he preferred *dry* food, he would have had little appetite for the peas and beans that were fodder for the beasts at the Rochester inn, for a carrier complained of them as being "as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the borts" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 1).

Vegetarian diet does not seem to have commended itself to the taste even of those who could get no other. When the hunted Cade climbed into Alexander Iden's garden "ready to famish," it was to see if he could eat grass, "or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather," though on account of the meagreness and unsatisfying nature of the diet, he said,

"I pray God I may never eat grass more" (*2 Henry VI.*, Act IV. sc. 10). The clown of the Countess of Rousillon had the good fortune to live without any such unenviable experience. "I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass," was his apology to Lord Lafeu, when, among the ingredients of a salad, he thought to find a place for "sweet marjoram, the herb of grace," and was told that was not a herb, but a nose-herb. (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act IV. sc. 5). The fat knight, in one of his reminiscent moments, his thoughts wandering to his wild salad days, soliloquised of Shallow, "I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act III. sc. 2). Remembering this, we may vividly realise how much Falstaff's asseverations as to his great fight with the men in buckram suits were meant. "If I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). He would scarcely have used such a comparison, bringing his pride, his portly belly, down to the dimensions of a withered root, had he not been in deadly earnest. His body was his garden, and he cultivated it too assiduously to allow it to shrivel, even in wish, much less willingly. "Our wills are gardeners," said Iago, "so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop, and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills" (*Othello*, Act I. sc. 3).

PASTRY.

Hotspur was said to be as hot as "pepper-ginger-bread" (*1 Henry IV.* Act III. sc. 1); and once "ginger was hot in the mouth" of Sir Toby. "Art any more than a steward?

Dost think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" he sneered at Malvolio, who had angered him by coming downstairs in the "wee sma' hours," endeavouring to put a stop to the catch singing with which Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the clown made the welkin dance, and attempted to rouse the night-owl and "draw three souls out of one weaver" (*Twelfth Night*, Act II. sc. 3), a feat as fantastical as that of the knight who leaped, "boots and spurs and all," into the custard (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act II. sc. 5). Malvolio was in the right, for the concert was not as fit to the hour as a "pancake is to Shrove Tuesday" or "a pudding to his skin" (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act II. sc. 2). He narrowly escaped being "pinched like a pasty" (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act IV. sc. 4), and "cut and carved like an apple-tart" (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. 3), for what looked like presumption, but was really duty. Capulet's servant was fond of "marchpane" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. 3), but "dried cakes" were Pistol's favourite pastry, according to Doll Tearsheet (*2 Henry IV*, Act II. sc. 4), who was, however, prejudiced against him. "Wafer cakes," to which he likened men's oaths, were more probably the confectionery his fancy bred a taste for (*Henry V.*, Act II. sc. 4). He referred, no doubt, to oaths such as those of his companions, fellows in iniquity with Autolycus, who spoiled the warden pies that were to have graced the sheep-shearing feast presided over by Perdita, "queen of curds and cream," by snapping up the unconsidered trifle of money carried by the clown for the purchase of spices and fruits for the junketting (*Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. 3).

FRUITS.

The clown's marketing list was "three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice, . . . saffron to colour the

warden pies, mace, dates ?——none, that's out of my note ; nutmegs, seven ; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg ; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun."

Sir Hugh Evans was very fond of apples. When he left his dinner to give a message to Master Slender's page, he concluded : "I pray you be gone ; I will make an end of my dinner ; there's pippins and cheese to come" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 2). It has been questioned whether that "gross watery pumpion" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. sc. 3), Sir John Falstaff, ever grew thinner because of the fighting that he did on rare occasions. He asked once, but it is a matter of doubt whether seriously or in jest, of that "everlasting bonfire light in the nose of him," the "Knight of the Burning Lamp," "Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like an old applejohn" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act III. sc. 3). We may consider it true, for "the prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six, dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart, but he forgot that" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). This is the reason why Shallow dared unscathed, to place apples before him : "Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carawayes, and so forth." They must have been of a fine growth, and, no doubt, well merited Davy's exclamation, uttered in a tone of pardonable pride, "There's a dish of leather-coats for you" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 3).

"When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit ;—
Tu-who—a merry note."

ran the Winter song (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. 2), and merry would be the night if Puck played any of the pranks he was noted for, such as a transformation into a crab-apple—"pomewater" Holofernes the euphuist called the fruit (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. 2):—

"And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale."

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. sc. 1). Caliban was fond of this fruit, acid though it was (*Tempest*, Act II. sc. 2), and to it he owed part of his evil temper. Even a woman, with as fine a mind as Katharine, was affected unpleasantly by it, for she told Petruchio that she looked always sour when she saw a crab (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act II. sc. 2). The fool, too, observed to King Lear that his daughter was as like kindness as "a crab's like an apple" (*King Lear*, Act I. sc. 5). She was indeed "a goodly apple rotten at the heart" (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. 3). "Mouldy stewed prunes" were said to be part of Pistol's diet (*2 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4); but Falstaff never cared about them, even when fresh; they were not sufficiently substantial. In a quarrel with Hostess Quickly, he said, "There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act III. sc. 3). It was for a dish of this fruit Master Slender fought three veneyes at sword and dagger with a master of fence and bruised his own shin; and, "by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since," was his feeble excuse for not joining the party at dinner (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 1). The wager was not a ruinous one, for Pompey, the servant of Mistress Overdone, the procuress in Vienna, on his trial said of stewed prunes, "Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit

dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes——;” but here he was interrupted, the justices not relishing this recollection of their business transactions with the prisoner at the bar, who might in his loquacity have added more particulars, and something more compromising to themselves (*Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. 1). Claudio was so deeply in love with Hero that he suffered from a melancholy, and Beatrice punningly characterised him as “neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion” (*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. 1). Later in the week it was poor, wronged Hero who was paralleled with an orange, and that by Claudio, who gave her back to her father with the request, “Give not this rotten orange to your friend” (*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. sc. 1). This mention of the gift of an orange recalls the jesting of Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, who interrupted Don Armado’s recitation in the character of Hector of a gift to that warrior, “a lemon.” “Stuck with cloves.” “No, cloven.” It was a feast of fruit “luscious as locusts” (*Othello*, Act I. sc. 3) that Titania ordered for Bottom, who, too gross to appreciate it, vilely desired oats, hay, and ass’s provender!

“Apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries,
And honey bags stolen from the humble bees.”

(*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Act III. sc. 1). Touchstone had a most axiomatic moral to draw from grapes: “The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open” (*As You Like It*, Act V. sc. 1). This fruit was the last that Cleopatra thought of. Just before applying the

asps that the countryman brought in his basket of figs, she said, "Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have immortal longings in me; now, no more the juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, Act V. sc. 2). Helena's pathetic plea to Hermia to renew their broken friendship, referred to cherries in beautiful illustration of what their friendship was:—

"So we grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart."

(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. 2). Sir Toby's reminiscence of cherries slid back to his boyhood's days, when he ate the flesh and saved the stones for playing with: "What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan" (*Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. 4). When Rosalind merrily told Orlando of the quickness of his sweetheart's wit, she did not overrate it, for it had already had a wrestle with that of the redoubtable Touchstone and overthrown it. The jester, observing of the tree on which the verses to herself were found, that it bore bad fruit, she replied: "I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar; then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar" (*As You Like It*, Act III. sc. 2). In like manner Timon railed on Apemantus, who had offered him a medlar, "On what I hate I feed not." "Dost hate a medler?" asked Apemantus, "Aye, though it look like thee" (*Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. 3). When Falstaff, in his account of the fight had entrapped himself, and Prince Hal asked: "Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?" he replied:

"What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). Gooseberries with him were also fruits of small value: "Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd. All the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act I. sc. 2). The strawberry was a royal and ecclesiastical fruit. The Bishop of Ely, in answer to his Grace of Canterbury's strictures on King Henry the Fifth and his late riotous companions, said:—

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality."

(*Henry V.*, Act I. sc. 1). Perhaps he knew from practical experience, like another and later Bishop of Ely, a lover and famous grower of the fruit which at times delighted the palate of Richard the Third, who once observed to the Bishop:—

"When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them."

(*Richard III.*, Act III. sc. 4). Dates and quinces formed part of the dessert at the feast prepared for the wedding, that never sped, of Juliet with the Count Paris, and in the hurry and bustle of preparation the cooks called "for dates and quinces in the pastry" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. sc. 4). In the chagrin following on the two defeats of his projects on Mistresses Page and Ford, Falstaff soliloquised: "If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and eudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by

drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me : I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. sc. 5). And Parolles, who had been "beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate" (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act II. sc. 3), observed of old maids, "Old virginity is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly, better ; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear" (*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act I. sc. 1).

"Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me: that is the very note of it!" warned Nym whom Slender had accused of hooking nuts of gold from his pocket (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 1). Petruchio, in his mad wooing of Katharine, said in her praise—

"Kate, like the hazel twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels "

(*Taming of the Shrew*, Act II. sc. 1); of her tongue he said—

"That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire "

(*Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. sc. 2); and he compared her new bonnet to "a cockle or a walnut shell" (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. 3). It was "chestnuts" that "a sailor's wife had in her lap, and munch'd and munch'd and munch'd," and refused to give to the witch (*Macbeth*, Act I. sc. 3). The witch's son, Caliban, proffered with his long nails to dig "pignuts" for Trinculo and to bring him to "clustering filberts" (*Tempest*, Act II. sc. 2); and "new nuts" Bottom set aside in preference for fodder (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. sc. 1). When Celia said that she found Orlando "under a tree like a dropped acorn,"

it provoked Rosalind's happy reply, "It may well be called Jove's tree when it drops forth such good fruit" (*As You Like It*, Act III. sc. 2). Celia, of course, did not rate Orlando so highly; "for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut" (*As You Like It*, Act III. sc. 4); which expression, though not so sharp, has a flavour about it reminding one of Thersites' opinion of Achilles and Ajax, "Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. 2). It was also a remark of Thersites', that a parrot would do as much for an almond as Patroclus would for news of Cressida (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. 2).

SWEETS.

When Falstaff accused his hostess of picking his pocket of "three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece and a seal ring of my grandfather," Prince Hal, who, with Poins, was the doer of that deed, came to her rescue with "Thou impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act III. sc. 3). In return Falstaff contemptuously said of—but by no means to—the Prince, referring to his youthfulness, "he drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragons" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4), which Costard observed were easily swallowed (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. 1). Hermia, like the Princess of Navarre, who loved "honey, milk, and sugar" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. 2), was fond of sweetmeats, which were among the knacks and trifles with which her father said Lysander had "filch'd her heart" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. 1).

BREAD.

Prince Hal would, in Falstaff's idea, "have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well" (*2 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4); and of another hero—Orlando—Rosalind, who had had experience, said that "his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread" (*As You Like It*, Act III. sc. 4). That maxim "Waste not, want not," so often carved round the rim of the wooden bread platters of to-day, has its counterpart in the verse sung by the Fool to King Lear, in illustration of the folly of dividing the kingdom—

"He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some."

(*King Lear*, Act I. sc. 4). "Toasts-and-butter with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads" were the kind of men pressed by Falstaff into the service of the King for that (to him) best of all reasons, "they bought out their services" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 3). "Cobloaf" was another term of contempt, and was applied by Ajax to Thersites, who angered him further by replying, Achilles "would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks his biscuit" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. 1).

CHEESE AND BUTTER.

Achilles, unlike Ajax, was so fond of Thersites as to style him "My cheese, my digestion!" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. 3). Cheese was generally a despised food. "You Banbury cheese!" sneered Bardolph at Slender (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 1); and Falstaff, after his unsuccessful escapade in Windsor Forest, exclaimed, "'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese!" to which the Welsh parson replied, "Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. sc. 5). Butter was a comparison often used by the fat knight himself, as well as by others. In his

explanation to Master Ford how he was outwitted, when he described his tortures in the buck basket, he said, "I am as subject to heat as butter" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. sc. 5). "God save thy grace—" he once said to the Prince, "majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none—" "What, none?" "No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act I., sc. 2). The Prince later had revenge when he saw Falstaff drinking, for he asked, "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4). Again, when Falstaff said, "I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream," the Prince added, "I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act IV. sc. 2).

VARIOUS FOODS.

Sir Hugh Evans' fondness for cheese was counterbalanced by his thorough detestation of porridge. Whilst waiting in Windsor fields for the arrival of his opponent in the duel, Dr. Caius, he exclaimed, on being told of his approach, "I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. sc. 1). His feelings on this occasion were not of the cheerfullest, and he took "comfort like cold porridge" (*Tempest*, Act II. sc. 1), which for him meant none. The Duc d'Alençon, however, though he might never have tasted a plate of this food, gave it the credit it really deserves. On being told that—

"The famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month,"

"Ah," said he, "they want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves" (*1 Henry VI.*, Act I. sc. 2). Cloten called Posthumus, the husband of Imogen, "one bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes, with scraps o' the Court," (*Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. 3), unaware how cold dishes served

to satisfy the appetites of some nearer to King Cymbeline than himself. Guiderius and Arviragus, the King's sons in the forest, had "cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that," said they, "till that we have killed be cook'd" (*Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. 6).

Those who like possets will sympathise with that "honest, willing, and kind fellow," Jack Rugby, who might well possess such a character as those qualities denote, if Dame Quickly invariably treated him as kindly as we know she once promised to do when she said, "We'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. sc. 3). Falstaff, selfish, as he was, melted under the warmth of the thorough kindness of Master Page, after his exposure to cold and jest in Windsor Forest. "Yet be cheerful, knight," said Page, "thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife that now laughs at thee" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. sc. 5).

If Falstaff's life be taken as an example, one might think that to be at court was already to have half one's soul in purgatory. Touchstone, however, by a way peculiar to himself, unmuzzled his wisdom to the opposite scent:—

Touch. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Shep. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Shep. Nay, I hope—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

. . . If thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. (*As You Like It*, Act III. sc. 2.)

It was through a parable of an egg that King Lear's fool showed his wisdom and the King's folly. "Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns . . . the two

crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away" (*King Lear*, Act I. sc. 4). Mercutio, who had plenty in his, said of Benvolio: "Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun" (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. 1). "Eggs (and butter)" formed part of the breakfast of the subsequently robbed carriers (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 2); but were unbearable to Falstaff, who once gave an order, "Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely." "With eggs, Sir?" "Simple on itself," he said in wrath, "I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. sc. 5). He had a good reason for calling those same carriers "bacon-fed knaves" (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 2), for one of their wagons was partly loaded with a gammon of that meat (Act II. sc. 1). This was another instance of the equal sootiness of kettle and pot, for he himself was stigmatised by Prince Hal as something swinish. "Call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer, his wife. Rivo! says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow" (Act II. sc. 4).

SEASONINGS.

"Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?" asked Pandarus (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act. I. sc. 2), and Master Shallow, in his pot valiant manner, with something of the same idea in his mind, said: "Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger

itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. sc. 3). Touchstone's wit was not "as thick as Tewkesbury mustard," to which Falstaff likened that of Poins (*2 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 4); it was more of a nature with that which Bottom was used to, as instanced by his observation to the fairy Mustard-seed: "I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. 1). The jester gave a smart specimen of his wit in his anecdote "Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet, was not the knight forsworn . . . swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard" (*As You Like It*, Act I. sc. 2). And again to Audrey, who asked: "Would you not have me honest?" he said: "No, truly, unless thou wert hard favoured; for honesty, coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar."

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly; and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish. (*As You Like It*, Act III. sc. 3.)

Ginger formed part of the Rochester carriers' merchandise (*1 Henry IV.*, Act II. sc. 1), and was one of the spices included in the marketing list of Perdita's clown, as were also "nutmegs" and "mace" (*Winter's Tale*, Act III. sc. 3). It was hot in the mouth of Sir Toby, who was thus enabled to talk Sir Andrew into a forlorn fury and persuade him to send the disguised Viola a challenge, "and," said Sir Andrew, "I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't." "Is't so saucy?" (*Twelfth Night*, Act III. sc. 4). That

challenge was but a sauce of words, a sauce always unpleasant, and sometimes dangerous, as the Abbess showed Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus:—

"Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings :
Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?"

(*Comedy of Errors*, Act V. sc. 1.)

So we reach the end of the menu. Of after-feeding talk much might be said. That is beyond my purpose; but it may be noted that Falstaff's sherris lecture, if good food be substituted for the wine, contains an underlying truth. To the jovial characters of Shakespeare we turn again and again with pleasure, certain, at least, of entertainment. It is not in man's nature ordinarily to be afflicted with perpetual intellectuality. He must unbend occasionally, and often in these unconsidered moments he is wiser than he is aware of. It is the epigastric quality of Falstaff that makes us, with Julius Cæsar, prefer "men who are fat" to such as Cassius, who had "a lean and hungry look," who thought much. For Antony's jovial propensity we have more sympathy with him than with the dreamy Brutus. The latter we admire and esteem, but the former we like. So, too, Mistress Page is infinitely pleasanter company than the mother of Coriolanus. Do not think that I am classifying Shakespeare's characters by the width of their ribs, as though they were a drove of prize pigs for the Christmas market. But there is certainly some reason for the suggestion that the more valiant the trencher-man, the more pleasurable is his society; the sharper his appetite, the keener his wit. His digestion being good, he possesses more life, and gets more out of it. "Without life the universe were naught, and all that has life requires nourishment."



A VILLA AT FIESOLÉ.

BY C. E. TYRER.

CYPRESS and rose, the walks that wreathè
Where Landor's feet were often found ;
Well may ye richly, ripely breathe,
And proudly deck this haunted ground.

Cypress and rose, loved most and last,
Until your poet's eyes were dim,
Your breath into his verses passed,
And charm'd them. Now ye breathe of him.

Florence, November, 1891.



